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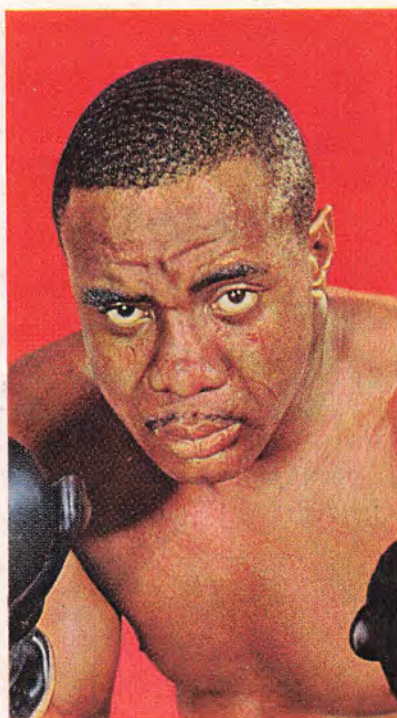
SPORT annual

The headline events, the big stars; a 12-month summary

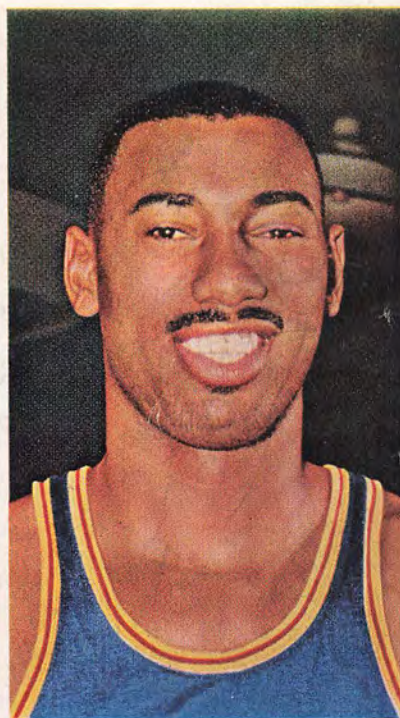


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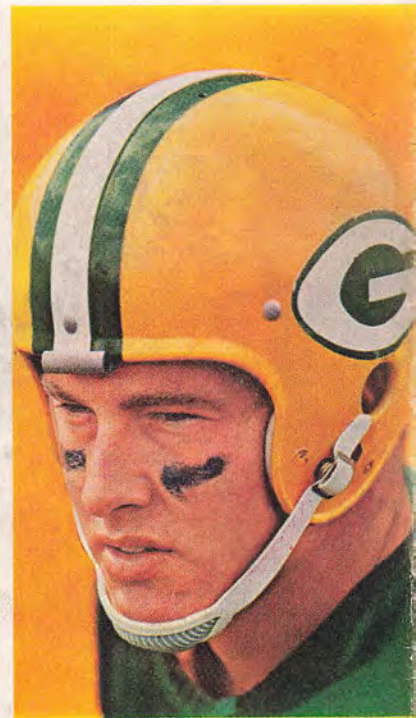
**MICKEY
MANTLE'S
SEASON
OF SECRET
PERSONAL
CRISIS**



**SONNY
LISTON
TRIGGERS
TENSION
AND INTRIGUE
IN BOXING**



**WILT
CHAMBERLAIN:
100 POINTS
BUT THE
SAME OLD
PROBLEMS**



**PAUL
HORNUNG
AND THE
PACKERS
FLIRT
WITH FATE**

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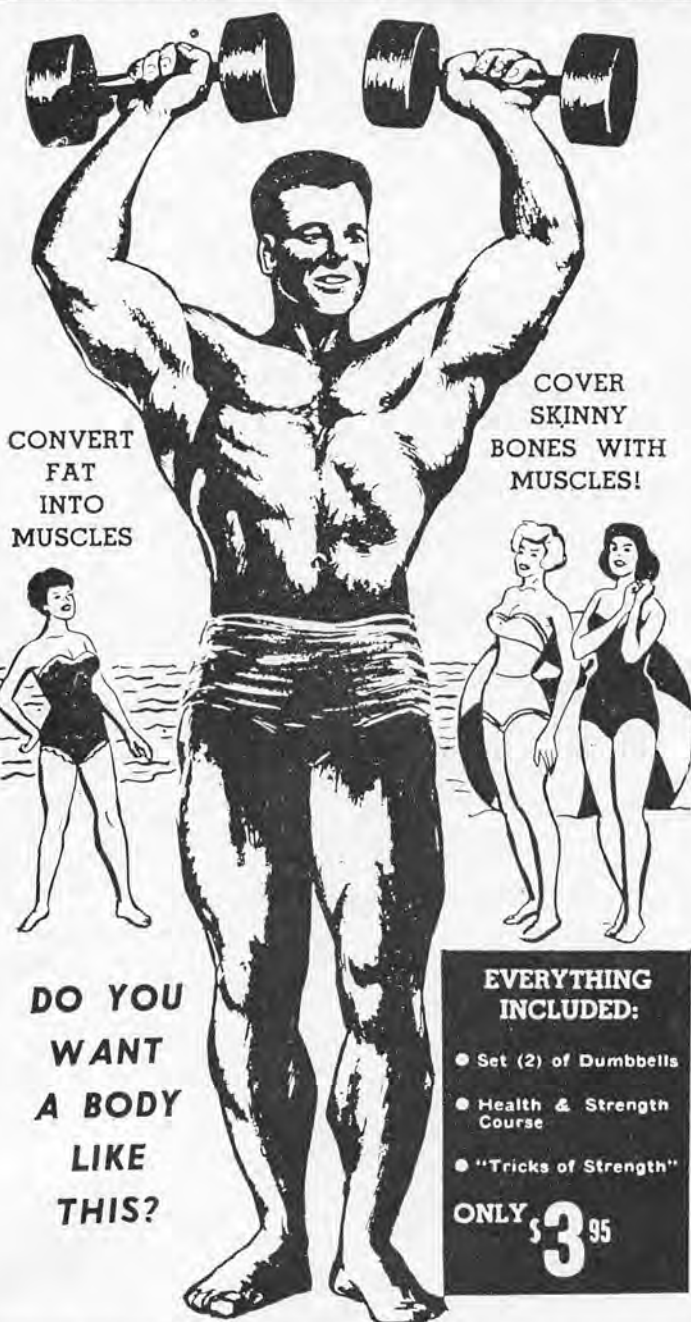
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COVER CREDITS: Mickey Mantle and Paul Hornung—Ozzie Sweet; Sonny Liston—Curt Gunther;
Wilt Chamberlain—Martin Blumenthal

PUBLISHED BY MACFADDEN-BARTELL CORP., 205 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Printed in the United States of America

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San Francisco Steals The Pennant



On the last day of the 1962 baseball season, Gene Oliver of the St. Louis Cardinals hit a home run and Willie Mays of the San Francisco Giants hit a home run. Oliver's home run beat the Los Angeles Dodgers. Mays' home run beat the Houston Colts—and the 1962 season was not yet over. There would be a playoff for the National League pennant. The Giants had accomplished the impossible. They had been five games out of first place with only seven to play and they had tied for the pennant. No team had ever come so far, so fast.

The first playoff game between the Dodgers and Giants was held at Candlestick Park. In that opener, Billy Pierce pitched superbly, allowing three hits and no Dodger runs. Willie Mays hit superbly, a single and two home runs, as the Giants shelled the Dodgers, 8-0.

Back at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, the script seemed unchanged. For five innings, the Dodgers were unable to score a run—35 consecutive scoreless innings. There was great gloom in Los Angeles. The Dodgers had lost their tremendous lead in the last week of the season, they had blown the pennant they had sewed up and now they were being toyed with in the playoff. The Giants scored one run in the second inning and four in the fifth and it looked like a rout—and a flag for San Francisco. But in the bottom of the sixth, the Dodgers ended the famine. They scored seven runs—the big blow a three-run pinch double for Lee Walls. A few min-

utes later, on a play at the plate, Walls kicked the ball out of catcher Tom Haller's hand to make it 7-5. The Giants tied the score in the eighth inning. But in the last of the ninth Maury Wills came home on Ron Fairly's sacrifice fly.

The final game drew a crowd of 45,693. And what a game it was! The Giants scored two unearned runs in the top of the third. In the fourth, the Dodgers got one back. In the sixth, Tommy Davis hit a home run with Duke Snider on base and the Dodgers led, 3-2. In the seventh Maury Wills stroked his fourth successive single, then stole second, then stole third—his 104th stolen base of the season. And when Giant catcher Ed Bailey threw the ball into left field, Wills came home with the "insurance" run.

It seemed all over for the Giants, down 4-2 going to the top of the ninth. But with one out, pinch-hitter Matty Alou singled. Pinch-hitter Willie McCovey walked. Felipe Alou walked. Ed Roebuck pitched to Willie Mays and Willie smashed a drive off of Roebuck that scored a Giant run. Manager Walt Alston called in Stan Williams to face Orlando Cepeda. Cepeda lined a ball to right field and the sacrifice fly scored the tying run. Williams intentionally walked Ed Bailey, then unintentionally walked Jim Davenport and the Giants had it, 5-4. An error by Dodger second baseman Larry Burright made it 6-4. Billy Pierce set the Dodgers down one, two, three. San Francisco had stolen the pennant.



Willie Mays was a big Giant hero. In opening game Willie blasted two home runs and a single, leading Giants to 8-0 win. In the third game, Willie got the key hit. He also made final putout, then threw the ball to fans in the stands.



(Above) LA coach Leo Durocher spurred Tommy Davis home after the slugger's two-run homer put the Dodgers ahead by a run in the third playoff game. Later, Maury Wills stole third (left), his 104th steal of the season, continued home on a wild throw by catcher Ed Bailey.



Sonny Liston (right) hit Floyd Patterson often enough, hard enough and quickly enough in their title fight to win in 126 seconds.

SONNY LISTON TRIGGERS TENSION AND INTRIGUE

Boxing, a tottering sport, suffered some tense moments in 1962, moments that threatened to destroy it. When Emile Griffith defeated Benny Paret for the welterweight title, Paret ended up dead as a result of the beating he took. Immediately people began saying it was time to ban boxing—and boxing, which had fallen out of the public eye and pocketbook for quite some time, seemed indeed on its own deathbed.

But there was hope. One good

fight, a walloping heavyweight championship fight, could revive interest in the sport and shove the cries of liquidation aside. And such a fight was coming up. Floyd Patterson was meeting Sonny Liston for the world heavyweight championship on September 25. It was being billed as potentially the fight of the decade.

The press at least reacted with relish to the billing. But the public was more wary. Only 18,000 people showed up at Comiskey Park in

Chicago for the fabled “fight of the decade.”

And they were jobbed. In two minutes and six seconds of the first round, Sonny Liston put Floyd Patterson on his back. He didn’t do it with one dramatic punch, or even a series of dramatic punches. He did it with a combination of routine punches. Patterson put up no fight. He admitted as much. Liston simply hit him and hit him and finally knocked him out.

Boxing’s fate suddenly was in the

hands of Sonny Liston. And suddenly more tension existed in boxing than ever before. He could, people, agreed, save or kill the sport. He could save it by being a swash-buckling sort of champ—fighting often, making public appearances, giving prestige to the title. Patterson never had done that. He had lived almost as a recluse with his title.

Sonny could kill the sport, or drive it deeper down than it ever had been, by being Sonny Liston. The old Sonny Liston. The Liston who had gotten into trouble with the law many times, the Liston who had served some prison sentences, the Liston who was introverted, almost hostile to the press.

"I will be a good champ," Sonny said after the fight. He held a press conference the next day and flashed the good humor and sly jokes that sometimes mark his personality. He said he appreciated the chance Patterson had given him, that he appreciated the opportunity boxing

had given him to make something of himself in society.

Presently, though, he was in trouble again in Philadelphia, the town he now lives in. He was picked up for "driving too slowly" through a local park. But the incident was exaggerated, it seemed.

From then on Sonny seemed to be trying to improve his public image. He made some public appearances, he and his wife Geraldine granted some interviews in their home. He said he was willing to fight Patterson promptly and then fight other challengers.

Sonny's biggest fight, though, was with himself. It has been that way for him since boyhood. He was born in Arkansas, a son in a family of so many children he can't remember most of them. His parents were separated when he was very young and he lived for a while with his father and worked in the cotton fields.

Finally, he left his father and went to St. Louis where he searched for—and found—his mother. He had

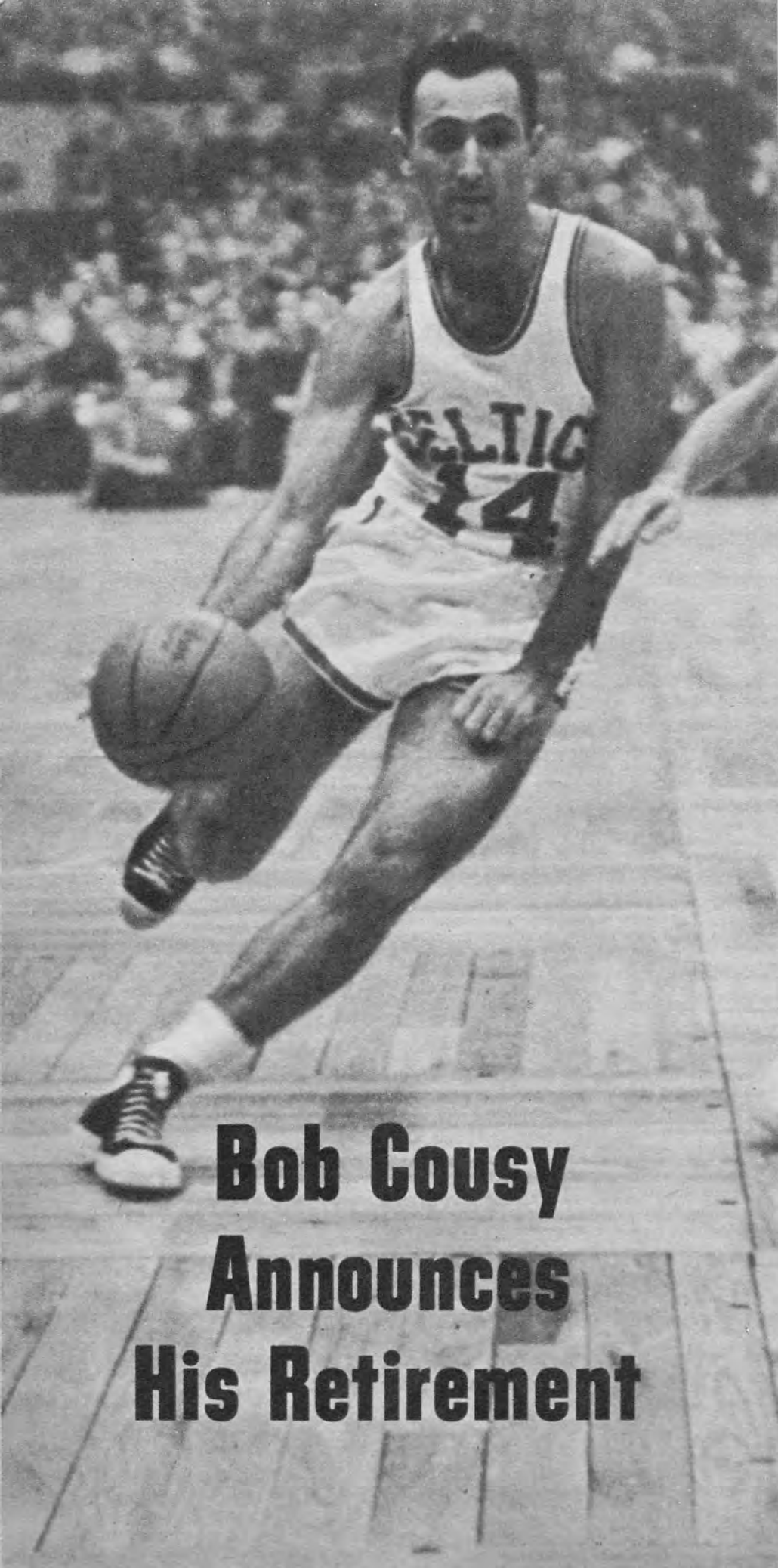
received no formal education in Arkansas, he received none in St. Louis. He has only recently been learning how to read and write. He received, instead, an education on the streets and ended up with the wrong people, doing the wrong things. It led him to prison, where he learned how to box and when he came out of prison and began boxing professionally, he did so reportedly under the handling of hoodlums.

When he got his chance at the heavyweight title, he said he no longer was being handled by hoods. Other people said he was. It was an important matter, which became more important when he won the title, and an aura of intrigue settled over the sport of boxing.

Nobody could prove, though, that Liston was still being controlled by the "mob." Everybody hoped he'd really gone straight. For so much hinged on Charles "Sonny" Liston, who now held the power to save or destroy the livelihood of so many.

Though Liston usually appears to be a sullen man, he flashes good humor and plays practical jokes among his friends. The joke (at right) is on Sonny's trainer, Willie Reddish, the victim in what might be called a mock strangling session. It took place at the Liston camp.





Bob Cousy Announces His Retirement

Statistics often tell the story in the world of sport and Bob Cousy has some impressive statistics. They show that Cousy was the National Basketball Association leader in assists more seasons than any other man. They show that Cousy ranked in the top ten in NBA scoring every season for almost a decade. They show that Cousy ranks as the league leader in lifetime assists and in the league's top three in lifetime scoring. These are sizable statistics, but not nearly as impressive as the following statistic: 6-1½.

Six feet, one and-a-half inches. Bob Cousy's height. A height that makes him a midget, if you will, in the game of pro basketball, where men of 6-5 play backcourt and men of 6-8 play the corners. And of all of them Bob Cousy has been the best.

On whose word? On the word of almost any man who's ever played with or against him. Bob Cousy has been the showman of pro basketball and the artist of pro basketball. He has led his team, the Boston Celtics, to championships. He has invented, created, a style of play all his own—the behind-the-back pass, for one. He has done more, too. Beyond the basketball court. He has organized a player's union, he has been a spokesman for a sport sorely in need of one.

And, in the spring of 1962, Bob Cousy announced his retirement. He would play one more season, he said, and then take over as coach of Boston College. It may have seemed strange—a man announcing his retirement date more than a year in advance—but it seemed fitting. "People need some time," a fellow said then, "to get used to the idea that they won't be seeing Bob Cousy playing basketball any more."

Though Bob Cousy is known mostly as a master ballhandler, he's also scored a super-star's share of points in 13 years.

MICKEY MANTLE'S SEASON OF PERSONAL CRISIS

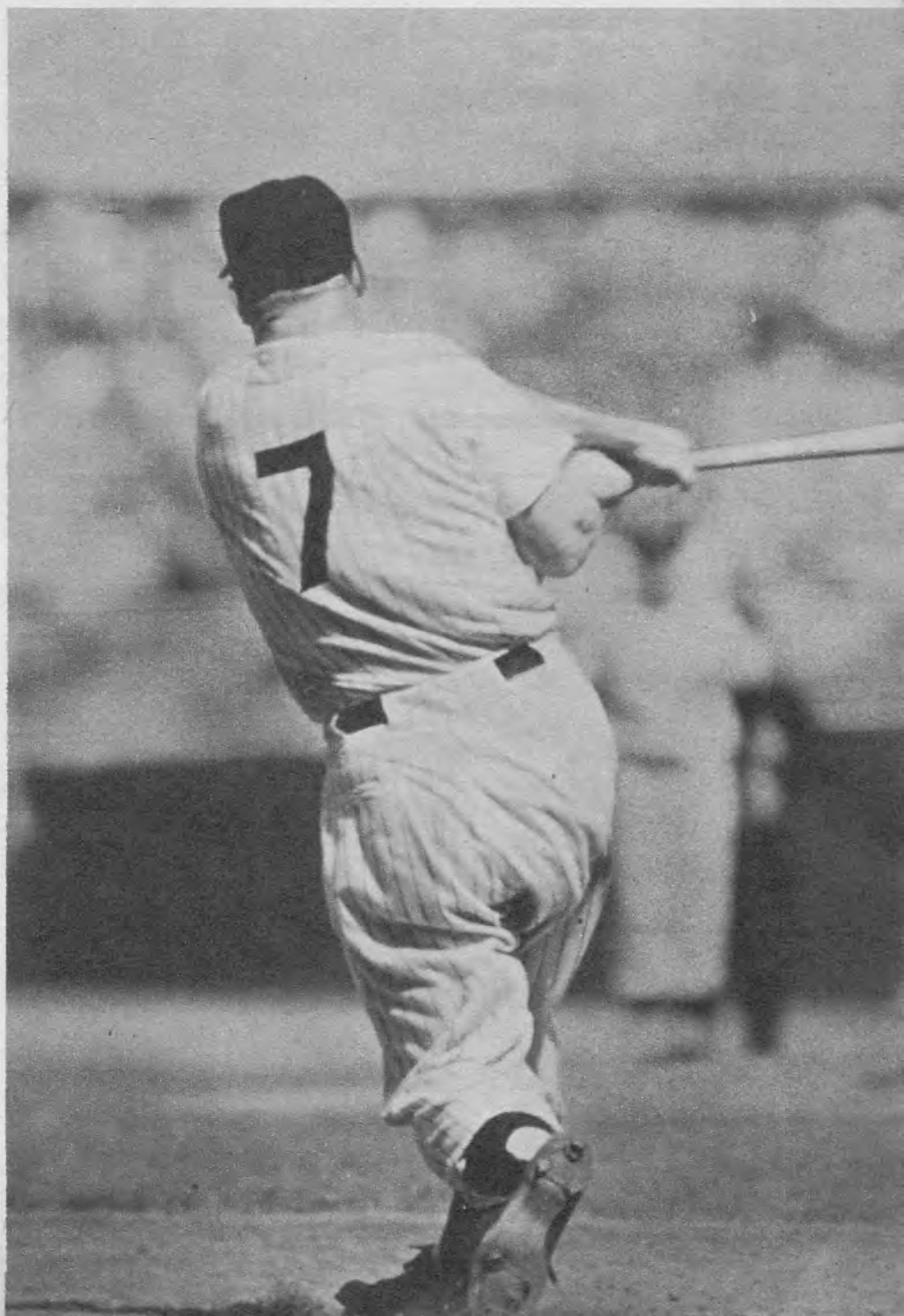
He began the season with hopes, high hopes. Mickey Mantle felt, inwardly, that it would be his best season. He had found within him a new serenity, an ability to be at ease with people and baseball—and he felt the change in character would help him in his business, the business of belting baseballs.

Where once he spent his energies and emotions banging bat racks, kicking water coolers, he would now be able to ride with the misfortunes and not let them affect him his next time up at the plate. Where once the fans disturbed him by booing him, they now were cheering him and the support from the stands would help him. "I'm a lot happier," he said in the spring. "You know, I used to watch Stan Musial, always smiling and being real nice. I thought I'd like to be like that."

He was like that, in his own way, finally, at 31. And, with a record of excellence—.308 lifetime batting average, 374 home runs, 1063 runs-batted-in—going into the '62 season, he seemed capable of reaching super-excellence in the '62 season.

Mantle had a good year in 1962—a .321 batting average, 30 home runs, 89 RBI—but not the kind of year he had hoped for. Injuries held him down. He missed five straight weeks in May and June and the Yankees, who should have been pulling away toward the pennant, weren't. When Mantle came back, finally, they began to win more. Toward the end of the season, when he was totally healthy, they finally pulled away and won the pennant. He was happy with the pennant, unhappy that he hadn't been healthy all season. He won the Most Valuable Player Award and looked forward to fulfilling his '62 hopes fully in '63.

Mickey Mantle hit for high average and with power in 1962, but did not do as well as he had really hoped he would.



Paul Hornung And The



After the Packers' won their first nine games of 1962, Green Bay coach Vince Lombardi (standing above) was asked if the team could go unbeaten through the 14-game season. "Let's say it is highly improbable," Vince said. "Each opponent makes a maximum effort to stop us."

Teams just don't go undefeated in the National Football League. They're too evenly matched in personnel, there's too much chance key players will be lost to injury, there's too much chance a team will go "flat" at least one week during a 14-game season.

The Green Bay Packers won the Western Division title in 1960 and lost the championship game to Philadelphia. In 1961, despite having to use weekday soldiers like Paul Hornung and Ray Nitschke as weekend players in many games, Green Bay lost only three games in winning the world championship. In July, 1962, Packer coach Vince Lombardi said, "If we can get our whole squad together for the start of training camp and hold them together, we will be a better football team this year."

It was better—near perfect. Why? Well, the Packers were the only NFL team to go through nine games with the same 36 players who were listed on the roster opening day.

Through the first ten games Green Bay had won ten games. In the ninth game the Packers beat the Eagles, 49-0, setting a league record of 37 first downs in gaining 628 yards on total offense. They permitted Philadelphia three first downs, one coming on a penalty. Fullback Jim Taylor scored four touchdowns to add to the four he'd scored the week before against the Chicago Bears, to add to the six he'd scored in the preceding games. He led the league in scoring with 84 points.

After juggernauting the Eagles, the Packers heard 14-year Philadelphia veteran Chuck Bednarik say, "This is one of the greatest teams in the history of the league. They're superb, that's the word for it. They block and tackle like a machine and they never let up. I walked off the field with Tom Fears (Packer end coach) at half-time and asked him when he was going to send the scrubs in. Tom just kept a straight face and said, 'Chuck, we don't have any scrubs.'"

Through nine games the Packers had dominated the league as per-

Packers Flirt With Fate

haps no other team ever had. They led in these major offense categories: first downs (200), first downs rushing (107), total offense (3468 yards), rushing (1809 yards), average yards per rush (5.1), passing completion percentage (61.9), touchdowns (37), touchdowns rushing (28) and points (292). On defense they led in seven categories, including: fewest points allowed (61—that's for *nine* games, remember), net yards allowed (1746—the Packers had gained more than that on *rushing* alone).

And they did all this without the league-leading scorer of the past three years, Paul Hornung, for virtually four full games. Paul was flirting with fate, too. Was it possible for one man to continue to dominate the scoring title? Fate tried to answer that question by injuring him. He hurt his right knee and couldn't even kick placements. He'd scored five touchdowns and kicked six out of nine field goals for 62 points before the injury. But after the injury, he faced a challenge from Taylor for scoring honors. Taylor

needed five touchdowns (30 points) in five games to set the league touchdown-scoring record he was after (114 points). Paul had 62 points and a chance to win his fourth consecutive scoring title, if he remained healthy. Hornung's and the Packers' dynasties were on the line in '62.

In game 11 Green Bay finally lost, 26-14, to Detroit and Paul Hornung didn't play. Taylor scored his 15th touchdown, which left Hornung with a lot of points to make up in the final three games to retain his scoring title.

In ten games no team stopped Green Bay, which was led by Jim Taylor's (31) drive for an all-time NFL ground-gaining record.





BOBBY HULL TIES A RECORD

The Chicago Black Hawks were in Madison Square Garden for the final game of the season, but a victory over the New York Rangers was the least of their objectives that night of March 25. Bobby Hull, their left wing, was tied for first place in the NHL scoring duel with the Rangers' Andy Bathgate. Each had 82 points. But Hull was after even more than the scoring title. He had 49 goals and was just one shy of tying the National Hockey League record shared by Maurice Richard and Boom Boom Geoffrion. Hull's teammates were determined to give him all the help they could.

The setting, however, couldn't have been less conducive for a man chasing records. A standing-room-only crowd of 15,618 was on hand

and from the opening face-off Hull and the Hawks were the targets of merciless, thunderous taunts from the partisan fans. Never a team to be intimidated by opponents or crowds, the Hawks only provoked mob anger with their shadow-like guarding of Bathgate.

With less than five minutes gone in the game, Hull got his chance at the record. Moving in fast on Ranger goalie Gump Worsley, the blond-haired Hull took a pass from Reg Fleming. Bobby backhanded a shot from 15 feet out. The puck sailed toward—and past—Worsley. Goal No. 50. The crowd greeted the historic moment with some of its loudest boos of the night. Five minutes later Bathgate, too, got a goal and the rest of the night was anti-cli-

mactic. For Bobby and Andy, the scoring had ended and so had their duel—in an 84-point tie. But only Hull could do the cheering, for his 50 goals—22 more than Bathgate's total—enabled him to win his second Art Ross Trophy.

The most remarkable aspect about Hull's goal total was his slow start. In the season's first half he had only 15 goals. But then Hull averaged one goal a game.

Already a five-season NHL veteran, Bobby appears to have a minimum of ten good years left. Who knows what records will be left once he learns to overcome his customarily slow starts? "A player of his skill comes along maybe once in a decade," says Lynn Patrick, Boston general manager.

For Rod Laver, The Grand Slam

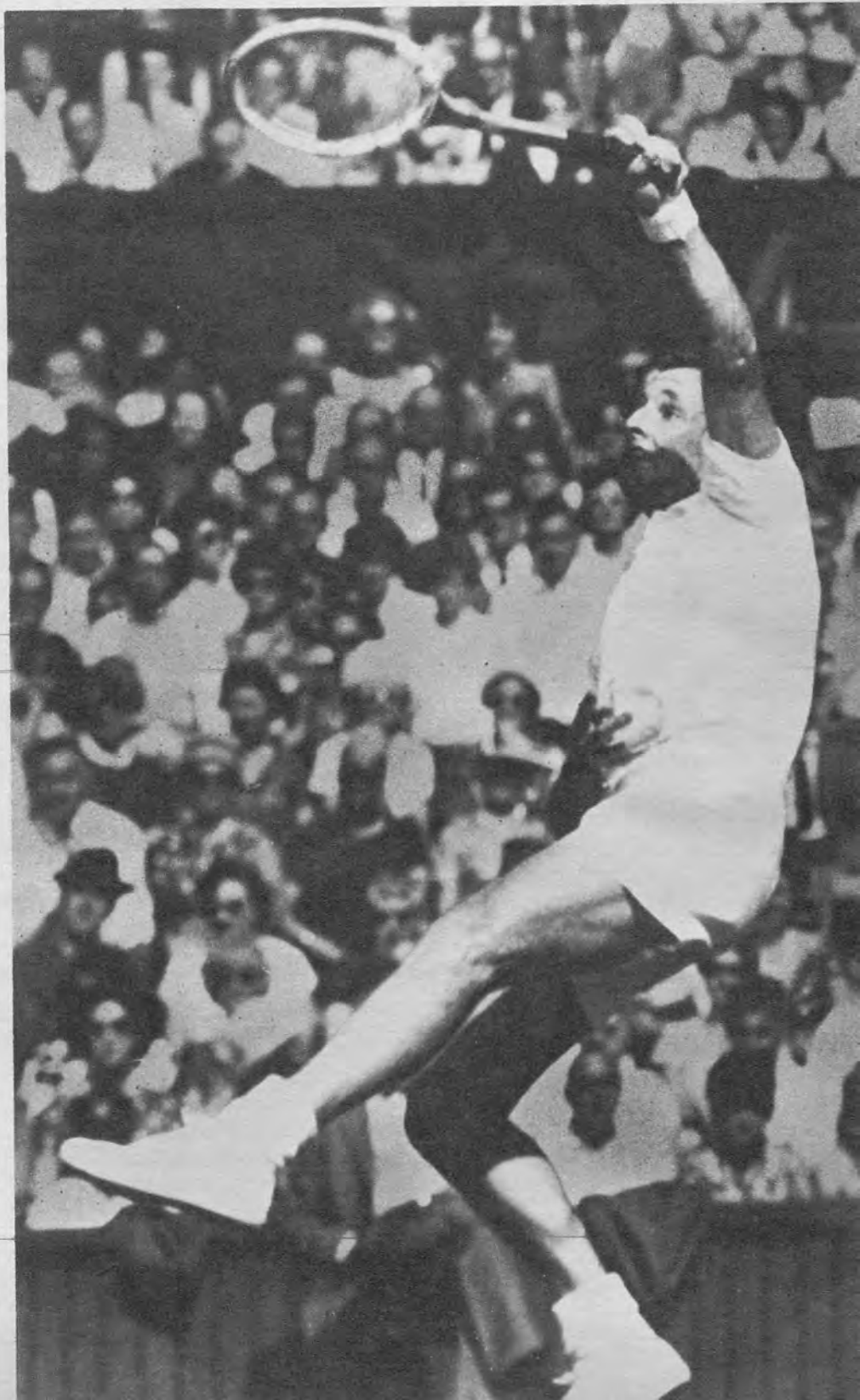
For nearly a quarter of a century, Don Budge's unprecedented 1938 sweep of amateur tennis' four major tournaments (Australian, French, Wimbledon and U. S. championships) remained unparalleled. Some of the greatest players in the sport's history—fellows like Jack Kramer, Pancho Gonzales, Frank Sedgman—had come close but never close enough. Not until last September, however, did it become obvious why they and others had failed. None of them has red hair and freckles.

Rod Laver, a bow-legged, left-handed Australian, possesses both the flaming hair and the body-covering sun spots, as does Budge. And after Laver disposed of Davis Cup teammates Roy Emerson in the final of the U.S. championship, he too had achieved the Grand Slam.

When Laver arrived at Forest Hills, the tennis world had talked endlessly about Rod's possible Budge-equalling feat. He had already won the first three titles in the Grand Slam with final-round victories. Now, the pressure on Rod seemed unbearable and he admitted he could think about little else except his possible Slam. "I was so nervous I could hear my knees rocking," he said, "and the strain may have affected my game a little."

It was a properly modest thing to say, but Rod Laver hardly seemed nervous. Hopped up would have been a more appropriate term. In his six preliminary matches Rod dropped only one set. Against Emerson, who had beaten him in the same finals the year before, Laver took the first two sets, 6-2, 6-4, relaxed too much in the third and lost it, 5-7, then finished strongly, 6-4.

Rod's performances were contrasted brightly with his erratic showings in the past. Rattled by pressure and sometimes temperamental, he always seemed to lose the important tournaments. But in 1962 Laver's mental attitude matched his flawless play.



The secret to Laver's superior play is not power but wrists. His style permits him to decide on a shot at the last moment.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NO-HITTERS

An age-old baseball maxim goes like this: A pitcher is subject to any of a variety of nightmares once he pitches a no-hitter. In 1962, with five pitchers throwing hitless games, "The Jinx" batted .600.

First to suffer after his nine-inning moment of glory was Bo Belinsky, the Los Angeles Angels' left-handed Don Juan. Arriving on the major-league scene after seemingly coming out of nowhere, Bo was one of baseball's toughest pitchers during the season's first month. He

reached the pinnacle of his ambitions on May 5 when he pitched a 2-0 no-hitter against Baltimore. In his next 14 starts Belinsky won only twice.

Coincidentally, Belinsky also took part in the year's next no-hitter. This time, however, he was the 2-0 loser—to Boston's Earl Wilson. And as for Wilson? It took him more than a month to win his next game.

The most tragic no-hit aftermath was suffered by Sandy Koufax. He emphasized his bid for his best season ever by no-hitting the New

York Mets, 11-0, and striking out 13 on June 30. Within two weeks, he developed a circulatory ailment.

But misfortune wasn't associated with 162 no-hit pitchers, Bill Monbouquette and Jack Kralick. They gladly welcomed their near-perfect games, for they helped salvage otherwise undistinguished seasons. The Red Sox. Monbouquette beat Chicago, 1-0, on August 1. Kralick and Minnesota beat Kansas City by the same score on August 26.

Once again the jinx had worked.



Like so many pitchers in the past, Bo Belinsky (above) and Sandy Koufax (left) suffered misfortune after throwing no-hitters. Belinsky, the Los Angeles Angel rookie, lost much of his effectiveness after beating the Orioles, 2-0. The Dodgers' Koufax held the Mets hitless in June and was injured most of the season.



Jack Nicklaus (above) sinks a putt on the way to his victory in the World Series of Golf. The 22-year-old also won the U. S. Open.

Nicklaus, The Sport's New Star

Jack Nicklaus' one-season rise to pro golf's top level surprised many experts in just one respect—it took him several months to get there. Runnerup to Arnold Palmer in the 1960 U. S. Open and twice the U. S. Amateur champion, the 22-year-old from Columbus, Ohio, was the most impressive arrival to pro ranks since Bobby Jones and Lawson Little.

But in his first tournament—the \$45,000 Los Angeles Open, the hefty Nicklaus was just a round, pink-cheeked face in the crowd. He tied for 50th place and won \$33.33, barely enough to pay for golf balls and 19th hole drinks.

Finally, Nicklaus moved up in a

big way in June when he finished second (and \$10,000 richer) in the Thunderbird Tournament, the classy warmup to the Open. The momentum carried him through in the Open at Oakmont Country Club in Pittsburgh. When the tourney went into the final 18 holes, only Nicklaus and Palmer remained in contention.

Two strokes down at the start of the day, Jack drew even with two holes to play. Unexpectedly, Palmer wilted under pressure, missing an eight-foot birdie putt on the 17th, a 15-footer on the 18th. Nicklaus and Palmer were deadlocked at 283.

Conceded little chance against the man who had won nine of 12 play-

offs, Nicklaus instead displayed all the aplomb of a 15-year veteran. Playing conservatively, he waited for Palmer to make the mistakes. Palmer did. While Jack was content to settle for a par 71, Arnold made several critical errors and finished with a 74.

Later in a TV carnival billed as the World Series of Golf, Jack met both Palmer and Gary Player in a match featuring the winners of the U. S. and British Opens, the Masters and the P. G. A. Nicklaus won by four strokes. Adding the first-place purse of \$50,000 to his already-won \$53,518, Nicklaus had dwarfed all winnings for a rookie.

THE WORLD SERIES: DOWN TO THE LAST PITCH

The Yankees, swept by the drama of their 1-0 seventh game victory, carried pitcher Ralph Terry off the field on their shoulders.



Most eventful Giant moment came in the fourth game when Chuck Hiller hit a grand-slam homer, first ever in the Series by a National Leaguer, to pace the Giants.



After an emotionally exhausting three-game pennant playoff against the Dodgers, the San Francisco Giants went into the '62 World Series tired but loose. The Yankees went into the World Series rested, and, loose as always. In game No. 1, good pitching, not looseness, prevailed. The Yankees scored two in the top of the first off Billy O'Dell. But in the bottom of the second, the Giants scored a run off Whitey Ford, breaking his record string of World Series scoreless innings at 33%. But the Giants couldn't break Ford altogether. Cleto Boyer hit a home run in the seventh, the Yankees got two more runs in the eighth, one in the ninth and Ford won the game, 6-2.

Game No. 2 was slightly different. It was Ralph Terry vs. Jack Sanford. Terry pitched strongly. Sanford pitched magnificently. The Giants scored a run in the first and one in the eighth on a tremendous home run by Willie McCovey. Jack pitched a three-hitter, the Giants won, 2-0.

A day of travel and then Yankee Stadium was the setting, and 71,434 Series-hardened fans turned out to see what gave with the Giants. The Giants gave. Billy Pierce pitched scoreless ball until the seventh. Bill Stafford pitched scoreless ball until the ninth. The Yankees scored three in that seventh, one more than the Giants scored in the ninth and the Yankees won, 3-2.

The fourth game was a memorable one for a youngster named

Chuck Hiller. The Giants' second baseman came up in the seventh inning with the bases loaded and the score tied, 2-2. (The Giants had scored their two runs on a homer by catcher Tom Haller.) Marshall Bridges, a lefthanded reliever, was on the mound for the Yankees. The count went to 1-1, then Bridges threw a high, fastball. Hiller drove it 15 rows into the right-field stands. Final score: Giants 7, Yankees 3.

There was an unexpected day of grace due to a heavy rain in New York but game No. 5 was worth waiting for. This time the hero was Yankee leftfielder Tom Tresh. It was Sanford vs. Terry again and a 2-2 game going into the last of the eighth. With one out, Tony Kubek singled, Bobby Richardson singled. Then Tresh, the son of a former White Sox catcher, Mike Tresh, responded to his upbringing with a home run into the right-field seats. "I won it for my new baby," said winning pitcher Terry. "I won it for my dad," said Tresh.

The hero for the next few days was the San Francisco weatherman. Each day in San Francisco he predicted rain. Each day it rained, unprecedented rain for San Francisco in October. But the rain finally stopped and the field finally drained and Billy Pierce threw to rusty Yankee hitters. The Yankees scored two runs, one a homer by Roger Maris. The Giants scored five runs.

Game No. 7 at Candlestick Park was one of the most memorable World Series games ever played,

literally not decided until the final out in the last half of the ninth inning. It was Ralph Terry vs. Jack Sanford for the third time. Both pitchers were in top form. In the top of the fifth, the Yankees scored the first run of the game on two singles, a walk and a double play. In the sixth, Jack Sanford broke up Ralph Terry's perfect game with a single. In the seventh Willie McCovey tripled but remained on third. And those were the only Giant base-runners until the ninth.

Matty Alou, a pinch-hitter, opened the last of the ninth inning with a bunt single. Felipe Alou and Chuck Hiller, trying to bunt Matty along, both struck out. Two out, Alou still on first. But Willie Mays coming up. And Willie delivered, punching an outside pitch down the right-field line. Roger Maris made a perfect stop, fired in to Bobby Richardson and Matty Alou, a fast man, had to stop at third. Now Willie McCovey, who had homered against Terry in the third game, was at bat. McCovey hit a long foul to right. Then he rifled a vicious line drive toward right. The crowd, roaring, jumped to its feet, thinking the Giants had been delivered. But the liner was taken at his eyes by second-baseman Bobby Richardson. A half-inch either way and it would have been a different ball game. But baseball is a matter of half-inches and this time, in the most exciting World Series in recent history, the half-inches had been on the Yankees' side.



The pass-catching of Pat Richter (above) helped vault Wisconsin into the top ten. He and Ron VanderKelen were the team's top stars.

The Top Ten College Teams

Toward the end of last summer, as the football season was approaching, Terry McKay, the young daughter of the University of Southern California's coach, Johnny McKay, approached her father with a daughterly request. "Daddy," she asked, "when are we getting a swimming pool for the house?"

McKay brushed her off with the security of a father who knows his business: "We'll get one, if Daddy wins all his games this year."

Her chances seemed unlikely. USC, 4-5-1 in 1961, appeared stronger for 1962, but hardly unbeatable. Not with a ten-game schedule that included Duke, Iowa, Washington, Navy, Illinois and Notre Dame. But appearances were deceptive. With end Hal Bedsole, quarterback Pete Beathard, halfback Willie Brown and fullback Ben Wilson starring, USC won ten games and a pool for Terry.

In a season spotted with surprises, USC's success ranked as the most surprising. Given a chance to rank tenth at best (and that wasn't much of a chance) among the nation's top teams, the Trojans ranked No. 1.

three other surprising teams—Oklahoma, Wisconsin, Minnesota—and by six that figured—Alabama, LSU, Mississippi, Texas, Penn State and Arkansas.

The Big Ten was supposed to produce two teams at least in the Top Ten. The two teams that figured were Ohio State and Michigan State. But both faltered and Wisconsin, led by Ron VanderKelen, who'd played a mere 90 seconds of varsity quarterback previously, and Pat Richter,

an All-America end, won the Big Ten title. Minnesota, Big Ten titan in 1960 and 1961, was supposed to be weak in 1962. But led by a stout defense which featured All-America tackle Bobby Bell, Minnesota finished second in the Big Ten.

Oklahoma's dynasty had ended in 1959 and the Sooners were simply rated a fair team at the beginning of the season. At the end of the season Oklahoma was in the Orange Bowl—and the top ten.

The Southwest Conference held true to form. Texas, favored to win the title, won it. The Southeastern Conference held true to form, too. Alabama, LSU and Mississippi were rated as the pre-season favorites and each had a strong season. But even here there was a surprise. Alabama, picked by everyone as the power of the SEC, was picked by one man as the second most powerful team. The man? Alabama coach Paul (Bear) Bryant. "Georgia Tech's the toughest team in the conference," Bear said. And everybody laughed. And wouldn't you know it, on November 17, Alabama, unbeaten in eight straight 1962 games, played Georgia Tech—and lost.

THE TOP TEN

1. **USC**
2. **WISCONSIN**
3. **MISSISSIPPI**
4. **TEXAS**
5. **ALABAMA**
6. **ARKANSAS**
7. **OKLAHOMA**
8. **LSU**
9. **PENN STATE**
10. **MINNESOTA**

WILT CHAMBERLAIN: 100 POINTS BUT THE SAME OLD PROBLEMS

On January 15, 1962, Wilt Chamberlain of the Warriors scored 73 points in a National Basketball Association game, a record. On March 3, against the New York Knickerbockers, Wilt was even hotter. In the first half, he scored 59 points. And he began thinking of a record. "A free throw record," said Chamberlain. "After putting in nine straight free throws, I was thinking about a foul-shooting record."

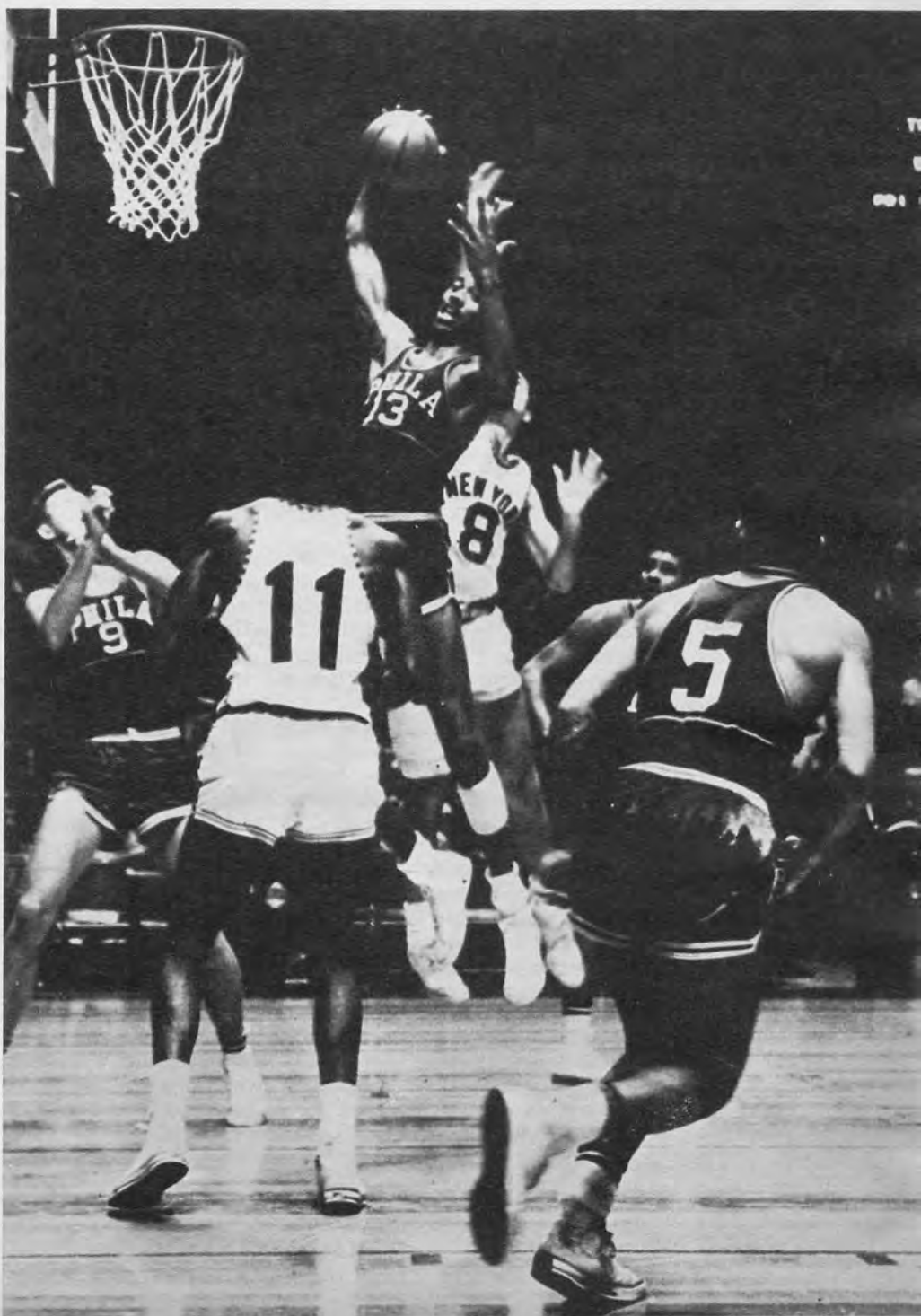
But the fans in the arena (a Hershey, Pennsylvania, arena, oddly enough) were thinking of another record, a scoring record that might never be equalled: 100 points in a game. "Give it to Wilt!" they screamed.

The Warriors did. He scored ten points in the third quarter. He scored 29 more as the fourth quarter rolled into its last 46 seconds. He had 98 points and, in an instant, he had the ball again. He dunked the ball through the basket. He had 100 points.

The fans ran to the floor and mobbed big Wilt. After the game, won by the Warriors, 169-147, Warrior coach Frank McGuire said, "It has to be the greatest game of his career." Wilt was more emphatic. "It was the greatest game of my career," he said.

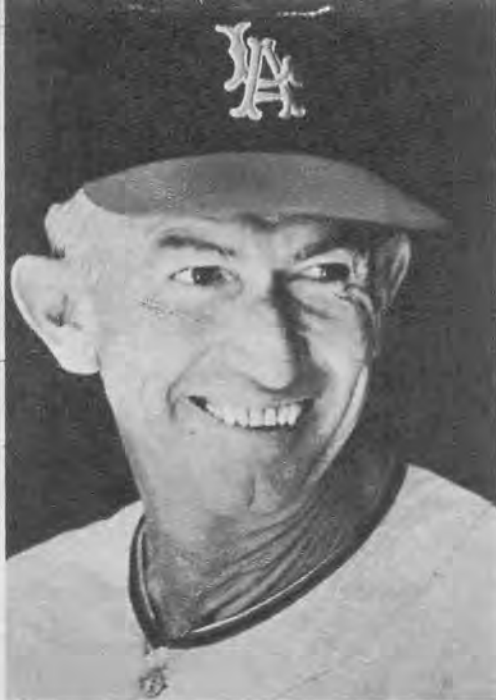
He went on to the greatest season of his career, leading the NBA in sundry departments, breaking records (mostly his own records) in sundry departments. And still, he looks back on the season with unpleasant memories. The players again selected Bill Russell as the league's most valuable player, and Wilt Chamberlain, with 100 points in a game and a bookful of other records, longed once more for the full recognition he felt he'd earned.

Wilt (No. 13 right) scored 100 points in a game in 1962, broke his own season scoring record and still he was criticized.





GENE MAUCH



BILL RIGNEY

Mauch And Rigney Are The Year's Top Managers

The Los Angeles Angels won 86 games and manager Bill Rigney was named American League manager-of-the-year for 1962. The Philadelphia Phillies won 81 games and manager Gene Mauch was named National League manager-of-the-year. Which shows there's not too much difference in the leagues after all. Even if the Angels finished third and the Phils finished seventh.

"It came as quite a surprise," Mauch said upon being notified of his selection. "I've never heard of a seventh-place manager getting it before. I didn't do anything different this year except maybe smile more because we won more."

After winning 47 and losing 107 in 1961 Gene had much to smile about in '62. The Phils were 81-80. They won 19 of 26 games in September, 30 of their last 44. Philadelphia, believe it or not, was baseball's hottest team the last two months of the season. The 36-year-old Mauch was credited with converting outfielder Don Demeter into a third-baseman; with developing Johnny Callison into a top power

very most out of veteran pitcher Cal McLish; and with the development of Clay Dalrymple as an everyday catcher (he could always hit).

When he took the Phillies' job two years ago Mauch said, "I don't want to be just another big-league manager. I want to be the best in the business."

Upon receiving the honor this year he said, "The whole club, including myself, kind of started together in 1960 and I think it's just continued improvement on the part of all of us—no more than we have a right to expect."

If some people questioned Mauch's being chosen, nobody questioned the selection of Rigney. He took a bunch of castoffs, rookies and never-had-a-real-chances and actually made a run for the pennant until the second week in September. "I had a club that never stopped playing all year long," Rigney said. "My 25 ballplayers like each other and liked to play ball with each other. It was a great team to work for."

That was the secret of Rigney and the Angels' success. The club was as "loose" as they come. There was the

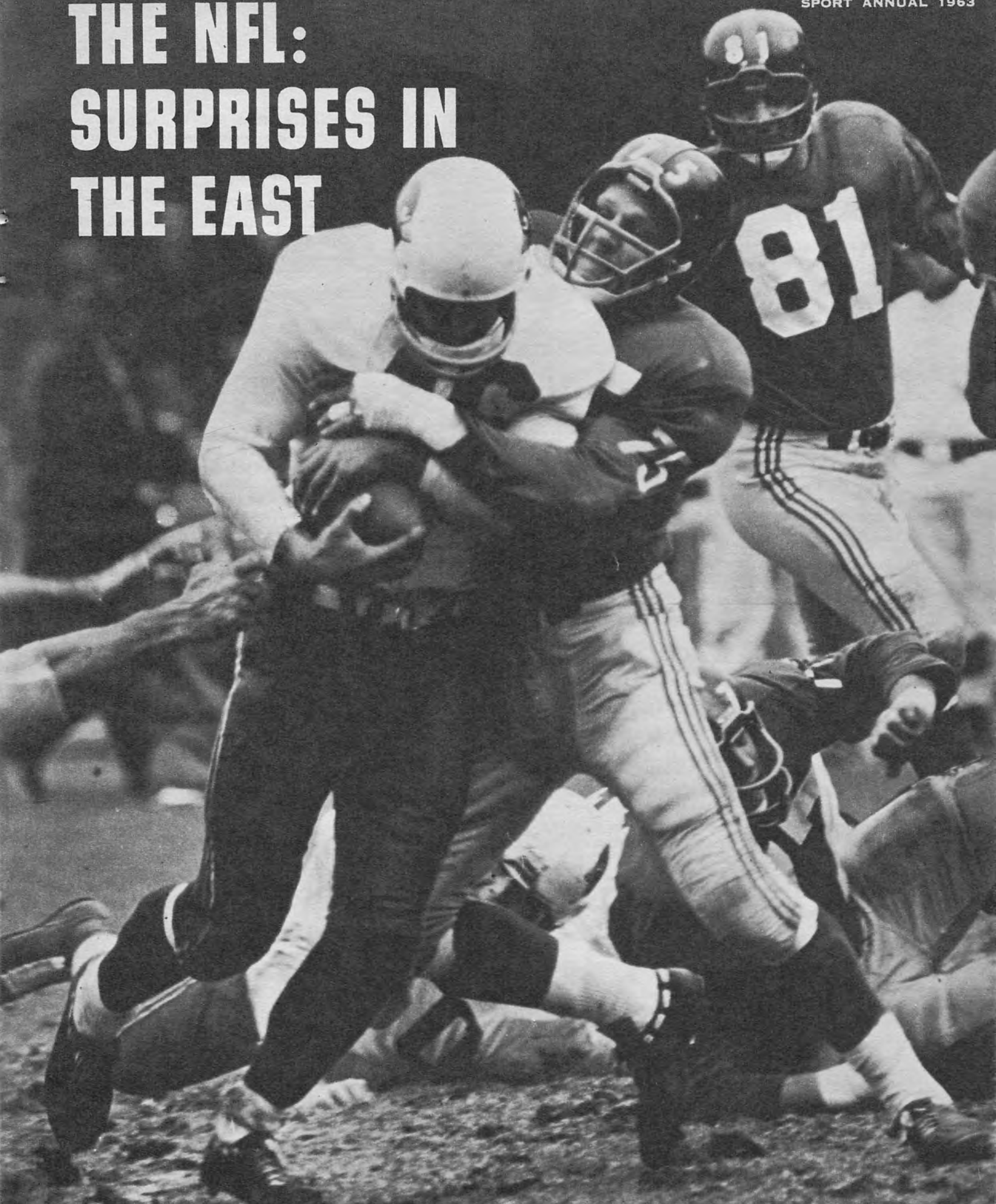
time Bill had run out of starting pitchers and he asked for a volunteer in a pre-game clubhouse meeting. No one came forward. So Rigney threw a ball into the air and the pitcher it fell nearest was to start. Reliever Ryne Duren pitched three shutout innings, Ted Bowsfield the final six without allowing a run.

One clubhouse meeting was breaking up when Leon Wagner finally walked in. "All right," Rigney shouted. "We're all right now."

Wagner wasn't even embarrassed. "I don't intend to be late," he said. "And he knows when I get here I'm here 100 percent. The only time he got mad was once when I missed batting practice, so he talked to me about it. I don't miss it no more."

Asked during the season if the Angels could keep winning, Rigney scratched his head. "Look," he said, "I put Gordon Windhorn into a game in the ninth against the Yanks. Put him in for defense and we're three ahead. First thing you know he steps in a hole and two runs come in. Then he makes a great catch and we win by a run." That's how it was for Bill Rigney's Angels in 1962.

THE NFL: SURPRISES IN THE EAST



The Giants' front four of Jim Katcavage, Andy Robustelli, Dick Modzelewski and Rosey Grier were not old after all. PLEASE TURN PAGE ►



The 1962 Eastern Division National Football League race offered more surprises than a barrel of Tommy McDonalds. The final 1961 standings were: New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Dallas, Washington. So who was in first place halfway through the '62 season? The Redskins, naturally. The same Redskins who won one game, lost 12 and tied one for a winning IQ of .077 the previous year. Well, virtually the same Redskins.

They got Bobby Mitchell, who couldn't run at halfback for Paul Brown at Cleveland but could catch



Everyone was wondering about Jim Brown's (No. 32, left) fall through the first nine games of '62. Fifth leading rusher would be fine for anyone but the man who had led the NFL five straight years. Tommy McDonald (above) managed to remain a top receiver even though his Eagles stumbled badly. Frank Clarke was the surprising long threat (12 TDs in nine games) for the Cowboys.



passes at flankerback for Bill McPeak at Washington. In nine games Mitchell had scored nine touchdowns on passes and was leading the league in receptions with 46 and yards gained on catches with 972. "I'm enjoying this," Bobby said after a win over Philadelphia. "Isn't it something?" (He enjoyed it all the more when he and his teammates beat Cleveland twice.)

Some ex-Eagles were heavy contributors to the Redskin success, too. Halfback Billy Barnes was their leading ground gainer (418 yards in nine games). Bob Pellegrini couldn't even get a game with the '61 Eagles

but he was a solid defender in Washington (with four interceptions in nine games from his middle linebacker position). Bobby Freeman was a steady safetyman. And, of course, quarterback Norm Snead and the rest of the young Redskin team gained experience in 1961; they were ready in '62.

The Eagles are just the reverse story. World champions in 1960, second in the East with a 10-4-1 record in '61, the Eagles through nine '62 games won only one. The team got old: linemen Stan and Marion Campbell and Jess Richardson and linebacker Chuck Weber couldn't do it any more. The team got hurt: Tom Brookshire got knocked out in '61, never to return, then quarterback Sonny Jurgensen, halfback Ted Dean and lineman J.D. Smith got hurt in the Playoff Bowl against the Lions. Dean couldn't come back; Jurgensen and Smith didn't play back to top form. The offensive line was so weak the team couldn't run, and when tight end Bobby Walston slipped as a receiver and split end Pete Retzlaff broke his arm early in the year, defensive backs ganged up on flanker Tommy McDonald and the Eagles couldn't throw much either. The defense sagged and coach Nick Skorich fired his 280-pound defensive end John Baker for lack of hustle in an attempt to spur the team. Nothing happened. The Eagles died swiftly.

The Browns were, said the experts, the team to beat in '62. They'd finished third the year before, but Paul Brown had shaken them up. He'd acquired defense end Bill Glass from Detroit and he turned out to be the tremendous pass rusher the Browns needed. However, he'd also acquired Jim Ninowski to play quarterback and, except for one strong game, Jim didn't play well. After his leg was broken at mid-season he didn't play at all. The Browns' most tragic—and perhaps most costly—misfortune was the loss of All-America halfback Ernie Davis to illness. For the first time since Jimmy Brown came into the league in 1957 and was rookie-of-the-year, the Browns' ground game wasn't terrifying.

Jimmy, slowed by a bad wrist for a couple of games and by an uninspiring line most games, fell off to fifth best rusher in the league by game nine. He had led the league in each of his five previous seasons. Mitchell's replacements: Tom Wilson, Charlie Scales and rookie Ernie

Green were no Mitchells. Cleveland split its first nine games (4-4-1).

St. Louis was a strong dark-horse Eastern title contender in the pre-season. But veteran Canadian league quarterback Sam Etcheverry, who'd had a sore arm most of '61, had an arm problem early in '62 also. He couldn't get it to deliver passes consistently to receivers. By the time coach Wally Lemm started breaking in sophomore quarterback Charley Johnson—who had the arm and, once he learned to move all the way back into the pocket, began hitting—it was too late. And the young Cardinal line couldn't consistently open the way for halfback John David Crow or speedy fullback Prentice Gautt.

The Dallas Cowboys, who won no games their first season in the league, four games last season, revealed surprising strength in '62. They were even better than their 4-4-1 record through the first nine games. And they were better largely because of football's latest genius, coach Tom Landry. He got pretty good service out of an extremely young defense (three rookies and a second-year man in the line) and came up with one of the most potent offenses in the league by rotating quarterbacks Eddie LeBaron and Don Meredith. They'd bring in Tom's plays. Through nine games halfback Don Perkins was the NFL's third leading runner (693 yards) and fullback Amos Marsh was seventh.

But Dallas' most potent scorer was flankerback Frank Clarke, who had beaten the "gutless" rap against him in '61 and won indelible respect in '62. In nine games he'd caught more touchdown passes than anyone else in the league (12) and had a chance to tie the NFL record with a touchdown reception in each of the five remaining games.

The Giants, after moderate early-season success, came storming on like men seeking revenge—revenge in a rematch against Green Bay in the championship game December 30. Most experts had figured the team was too old to win the East again. The defensive line had been playing together six years. The offensive backfield featured fullback Alex Webster (31), wingback Frank Gifford (32) back from a year's lay-off and quarterback Y.A. Tittle (35).

So Tittle got off to his greatest season in football, Gifford came back strong, Webster kept going, Del Shofner picked up right where he left off in '61 and so did New York. 21



Bobby Mitchell found life as a Redskin wonderful after playing under Paul Brown. "You know how it was there?" Bobby said. "We'd say, 'Let's win regardless of Brown.'"



Breaking The 16-Foot Barrier

As the 1962 track season was just beginning in January, Don Bragg, then world-record-holder in the pole vault, foresaw a new era for the men with the fiber-glass poles. "The indoor record will go within two months," he predicted. The vaulters were eager, impatient. By mid-January ten had cleared 15 feet indoors (only that many had made 15 indoors the whole 1961 season). Later in January, Marine Corps Corporal John Uelses stepped ahead of the group by breaking Bragg's record with a 15-10¼ catapult at Washington, D.C. It was an extraordinary feat for a 24-year-old whose best jump before '62 was a foot less.

The indoor meets moved to New York City. The best of the season's polevaulters were on hand at the Millrose Games to challenge Uelses. John opened there by passing at 14 feet. At the next step, 14-6, he missed twice. Apparently he wasn't the 16-footer the New Yorkers came to see. Then he re-adjusted his steps to the vaulting standard—cleared 14-6, 15, and 15-4 without another failure. He missed once at 15-8, then cleared it.

It was now Uelses vs. 16 feet (16-0¼ to be exact).

The first try was a failure and hopes sank: first attempts are usually one's best. The second try was in vain, too. "I'll never be able to get up again," he told a reporter before the last hope. "I'm too dead." He began running. The pole bent perfectly as he leaped; the timing and rhythm were exact. Up, up, over.

One of track's most famous challenges had been beaten.

But in all the excitement, a photographer knocked off the crossbar before it could be re-measured. So Uelses calmly cleared 16-0¾ at Boston the next night. The photographers got pictures then, too—but at a distance.

By then there was a new magic number in pole vaulting—17.

In track-and-field history, 1962 will be known as "the year of the 16-foot vault." John Uelses was the first over 16 (left).

MAURY WILLS: 100+4

Maury Wills gave baseball in 1962 an excitement unmatched since Roger Maris hit 61 home runs back in the old days. Wills challenged one of baseball's most cherished records—96 stolen bases—and broke it.

Or did he? On September 23, Wills stole numbers 96 and 97, putting him ahead of Ty Cobb's 1915 total. But this was Wills' 156th game—in a 162-game season—and Cobb's era was the one of the 154-game regular season. However, Cobb *did* play 156 games because of ties in 1915. So "Wills' record" was thrown to commissioner Ford Frick and came back as "Wills' record*."

The asterisk is baseball's way of saying "we can't compare you with the stars of the past because you play more games." It does mean, though, you are the best since 1961 when the 162-game schedule was

adopted.

But Wills still gave baseball an added dimension each time he reached base. He stole 104 bases in a 165-game year, counting the play-offs. More important, he stole mostly for his team, not his personal glory. He raced around the basepaths to win games for the Dodgers, not to dodge an asterisk.

Maybe Wills and Cobb shouldn't be in the same bracket anyway: they are opposites. Cobb would steal to irritate the opposition by spiking them, barging into them, fighting them. Wills, the son of a Baptist minister, carried only 160 pounds on his frame and had just one object in mind—to be in scoring position when the Dodgers' big batters came to the plate. Wills scored 130 times and disconcerted pitchers.

"It's foolish to steal bases when

you're ten runs ahead or ten runs behind," he theorized and practiced. "You're not trying to help the club; you're helping yourself."

But Maury, at 29, and Cobb were alike in a way—they studied the opposition, then outsmarted it.

Maury had good speed, but not great. He was being watched, too, because of 85 steals in two previous years. So he learned. He learned pitchers—the most important thing—and he learned to slide. "I'd wait until I got about five feet from the bag before my slide," explained Maury. Out of a cloud of dust, a hand or a foot would touch the bag.

His base-running made him the outstanding player of the first All-Star game, and by September 7 he broke the National League record, stealing four bases in a game against the Pirates. Then, with 80 bases stolen, he went after Cobb's record.

Dodger Manager Walter Alston rated Maury Wills (below) the best base stealer in baseball and gave him the "green light" to steal.



Toronto Takes The Stanley Cup

In Chicago's rubble, there was trouble when the hometown Black Hawks went after their second straight Stanley Cup in 1962. Instead of the Cup, the Hawks were nominated by joking press-box occupants for the "Garbage Pail."

And the Black Hawks really needed the Garbage Pail, too, after the wild sixth game in which Toronto clinched its first Cup since 1951. Chicago had beaten the Montreal Canadiens, four games to two, to get to the final. Toronto, in the same number of contests, pushed the New York Rangers aside in their semi-final series.

The Black Hawks began their showdown with Toronto by forming the same pattern they had against

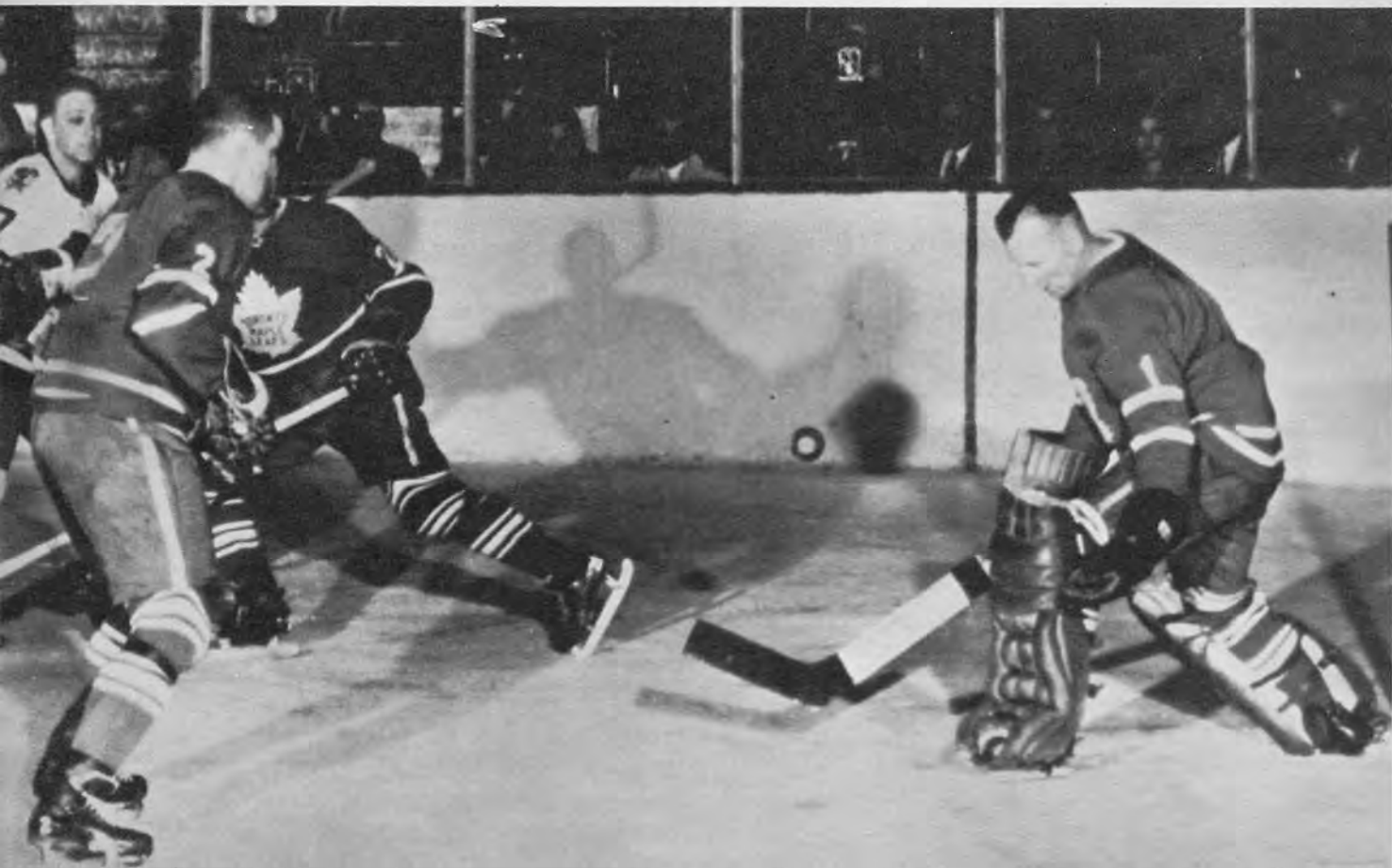
Montreal, the regular-season champion. That formula was: win all the games at home, for sure, and take at least one away game.

The Hawks were down two games right away at Montreal's Forum, then roared back. They were down two games right away at Toronto's Maple Leafs Garden, too, and began roaring back. The series moved to Chicago and the Hawks took two, 3-0 and 4-1 behind superb goaltending by Glenn Hall. Back at Toronto, the Leafs won, 8-4, and grabbed the series lead, three games to two.

On April 22, the teams returned to Chicago Stadium where spring weather and 30,000 fans were right around the corner as darkness fell.

Now 30,000 fans don't fit into 16,666 seats, which is the number that Chicago officials like to call capacity. Somehow or other, though, an estimated 21,000 screaming, hollering, music(?) -making, singing spectators *did squeeze* into the 16,666 gaps. Banners were strung around the balconies—tributes to Glenn Hall ("Mr. Goalie Glenn Hall, Greatest of Them All" was a 30-foot long one) and Stan Mikita ("Bring Back The Stanley Mikita Cup"). There were at least ten others.

This was to be Chicago's game. The Hawks had the home ice and Toronto had regular-goalie Johnny Bower on the sidelines with injuries. Substitute Don Simmons had re-



Johnny Bower, the Toronto goalie (right above) starred for the Maple Leafs until he was injured in the fourth game against the Hawks.

linquished seven goals during five periods of the two preceding games.

The tension mounted throughout the first two periods. Neither team could score and this in itself riled the fans all the more. Simmons, who had played in only nine National Hockey League games during the regular season, was keeping the Hawks in check—and that irked the fans more than anything.

At 8:56, the Black Hawks' Bobby Hull ignited 21,000 bombs by scoring the night's first goal, when he caught Toronto's Bob Baun out of position and slapped in a pass from Murray Balfour. It was the eighth goal—more than anyone in '62—in the playoffs for Hull.

It appeared that everyone of the 21,000 had at least one paper cup, egg, hat, beer can, ink bottle, or hot dog to throw onto the ice. A wild organist didn't help—he'd play "The Three Blind Mice" when the officials would try to restore order

and "When the Saints Come Marching In" when Chicago scored. About 21,000 potential cases of laryngitis would swing into action every time he hit the keyboard. From the stands, one ambitious fan reeled his hat out from the end of a fishing pole and each time someone would try to pick it off the ice, the fan would reel it in again. Cute trick. Until Frank Mahovlich of the Leafs cut the line with his stick.

The melee continued for at least 15 minutes—and it was all in fun. The only thing the Chicago fans forget to account for, though, was the fact that *they had just terminated the Black Hawks' only momentum of the evening.*

For the next 11 minutes Hull tried to rally Chicago—but to no avail. Meanwhile, Toronto was inspired.

Less than two minutes after Hull's goal, forward Bob Nevin scored (his second goal of the 12 games) against Hall, tying the score. Then at 14:14,

forward Dick Duff drove in on the left and pumped in the go-ahead goal, his third of the playoffs. These were the moments the Leafs had been awaiting—earlier in the game, they had pelted Hall often but nothing got past the goalmouth.

Simmons didn't have too much trouble from then on. The Cup was the Maple Leafs' for the eighth time.

The loss was stunning to the Hawks. Like Stan Mikita, for example. He scored a record 21 points on six goals and 15 assists—more remarkable because he's just a 21-year-old. The old record was 20, set by Gordie Howe of the Red Wings in the 1955 playoffs (which his team won). And there was Hull, a leader throughout the series. And Hall, who was brilliant in the finale.

But all of the momentum built up by Chicago went flat when it rained rubbish on the rink. The Black Hawks could have used that Garbage Pail to clean it up.



Glenn Hall (above) kicked away the shot by Toronto's Dave Keon to keep alive Chicago's hopes in the Stanley Cup finals. His heroics weren't enough though. In a scuffle at the net (right) Don Simmons, filling in for Bower, sprawled on the ice to ward off a goal by Chicago. The substitute became a star.





THE CLAY-MOORE DEBATE

It started in fun and ended in a burial. The promoter of the fight set up a three-way trans-continental telephone hookup after the signing and Cassius Clay and Archie Moore talked it up. "Now you know that Archie Moore will have to go," said the 20-year-old Cassius. But he refused to make his usual prediction of the round in which the fight would end, he refused at first.

"Have you," Archie solemnly asked Clay, "read section three, page 17, lines 13-15 of our contract?"

Cassius was silent, wondering what he was talking about.

"It calls for the loser of this fight to observe a 30-day silence," Archie quipped. The Mongoose went on to say that he'd considered retiring

but decided to keep on boxing for five or six years to "save" Cassius from the possibility of meeting either Patterson or Liston. Then, as a father to a son, Archie warned: "I'll guarantee you'll do the St. Vitus dance—flat on your back."

"Man," Clay said, "you upset me when I hear you talk like that. I had privately predicted you'd have to go in eight rounds, but now I'm cutting it in half and you must fall in four."

Later Archie said, "I'm concerned about that young man. He is the epitome of ungratefulness. He says he'll knock me out in four. Well, that's nice. That's youthful folly. I will have to take that young man and mold him. Mold him like clay. I am working on a lip-buttoning

punch for him now. It sandwiches both lips together—it's like making a lip sandwich. Then you drive the teeth through the lips to button them."

"Archie really shook me up calling his new punch a lip-buttoner," Clay said. "I had to invent myself a new punch, too. I call it the old-age pension punch. That's what Archie's gonna get."

That's what Archie got, and that ended the fun. Archie Moore, 48-plus fighter of seemingly endless duration, was buried by young Cassius in their fight. The old man was finally in fact an old man, with no legs and few reflexes. He was knocked out in round four and the great debate ended. The fight game may never again see its like.

EARLY WYNN'S SORROW

Only 13 major-league pitchers have won 300 games. Early Wynn of the Chicago White Sox went into the 1962 season needing just eight wins to reach 300, but he found those wins weren't to come. The 42-year-old veteran won his 298th game in August. Then he lost games by scores of 2-0, 3-2 and 4-3 before his teammates finally got him some runs on September 8 and he beat the Senators, 6-3, it looked as if he would definitely get that 300th he wanted so badly.

But White Sox general manager Ed Short said Wynn would have to wait *ten* days until the team returned to Chicago for his shot at No. 300. Short said, "This could be the last time any pitcher ever wins 300 games because of the difficult conditions under which they now work." Right.

Short said, "I believe our fans should be given the right to be present at such an occasion. And we're going to try to make it a memorable event in many ways—one of which will be the presentation of 300 Club buttons to every fan at the game." Wynn pitched on schedule and lost. He pitched five days later and had a 1-1 tie with New York until the Yankees got four runs in the ninth. His last try for No. 300 came in New York and he was again tied, 3-3 going into the last of the eighth. Again the Yanks got four runs. Early Wynn will have to try again in '63 and he's searching for a team to let him try it with. In the meantime, the White Sox have a supply of 300 club buttons.



THE '62 ALL-AMERICAS



BOBBY BELL

ENDS

Hal Bedsole, USC
Pat Richter, Wisconsin

TACKLES

Bobby Bell, Minnesota
Jim Dunaway, Mississippi

GUARDS

Jack Cvercko, Northwestern
John Treadwell, Texas

CENTER

Lee Roy Jordan, Alabama

QUARTERBACK

Terry Baker, Oregon State

HALFBACKS

Jerry Stovall, LSU
Roger Kochman, Penn State

FULLBACK

George Saimes, Michigan State

Midway through the 1962 college football season, a fellow struck up a meaningful conversation with Hal Bedsole, the University of Southern California's star end. The subject was the '62 All-America team and, more specifically, Bedsole's hopes of making it.

"If the team does well," Hal said, "maybe I have a chance. If it doesn't, then it won't make any difference anyway. When it's all over and you look back, you only remember how your team did. If it didn't do well, it won't do you any good to say, 'I was an All-America.'"

Still, was Bedsole thinking of making the All-America team?

"Sure," said Hal. "Everybody thinks about it."

Everybody thinks about it, but only 11 players make it. In 1962 Hal Bedsole was one of the 11 players picked as first-team All-Americans by the editors of SPORT magazine. He earned his All-America acclaim the way a good end should—by catching passes with super-star skill, particularly scoring passes in crucial situations. The outstanding player on an outstanding USC team, Bedsole combined sure pass-catching hands with speed to become a '62 star. Among his touchdown receptions were five particularly long ones: 79, 73, 59, 51 and 46 yards.

Joining Hal at end on the SPORT All-America, Pat Richter of the Big Ten champion Wisconsin team conquered a major obstacle in 1962. The obstacle was that of being a marked man. Going into the season, Pat had a record of excellence that included two school records: Most passes caught in a single season (47) and most yardage gained on passes in a season (817). With defenses rigged to stop him, Pat was used as a decoy quite often during the season. But when the clutch situation came up and the ball was thrown to him, he generally caught it. In his first eight games alone, he caught 32 passes for 449 yards and five touchdowns.

The nation's strongest defensive team last season was the University of Minnesota and the team's strongest defensive player was tackle Bob-

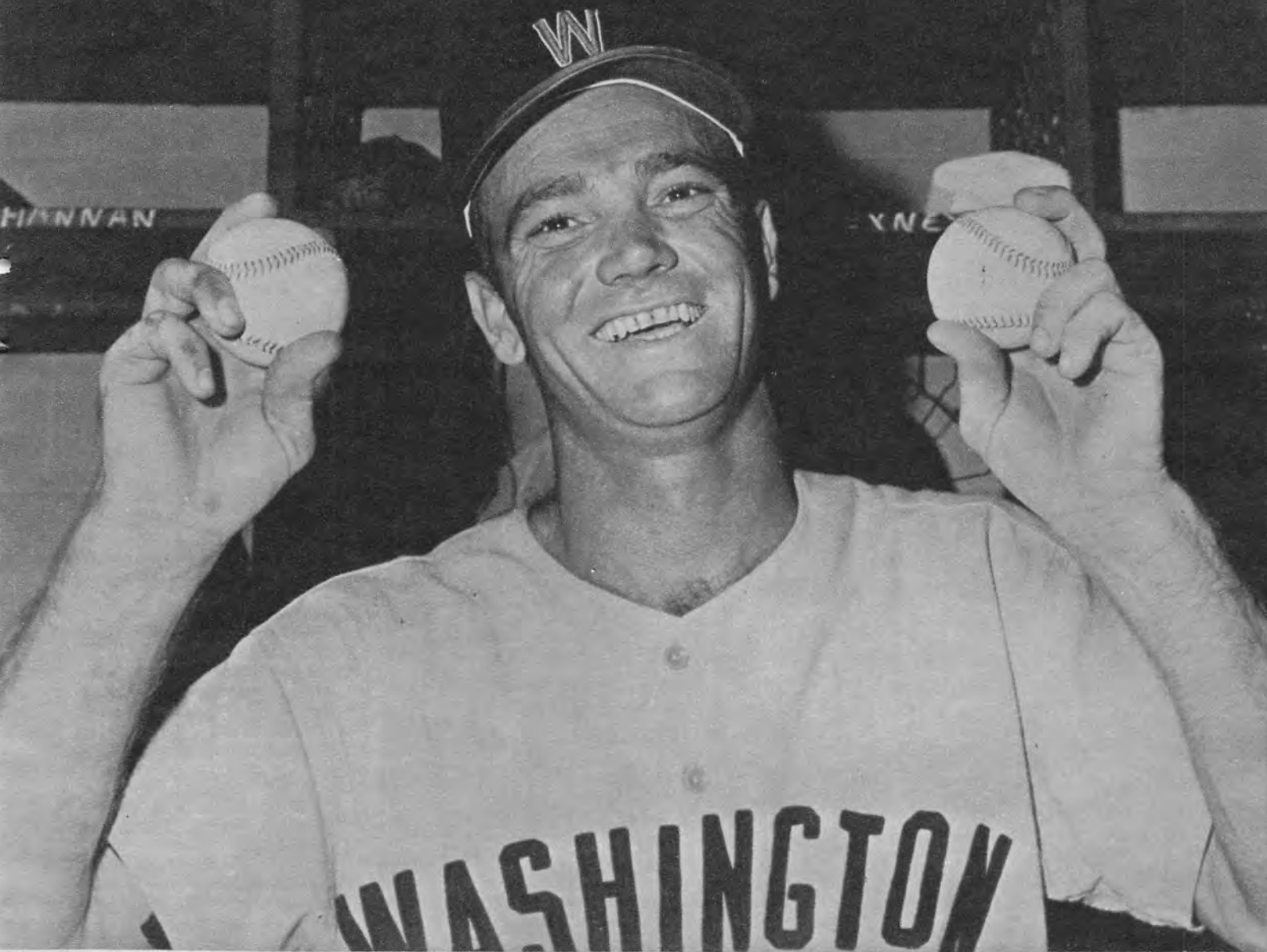
by Bell, picked for the second year in a row on SPORT's All-America team. "Bell has consistently played an outstanding game for us every week," said his coach Murray Warmath. Bell excelled at stopping running plays, at charging quarterbacks and, on offense, at using his six feet, four inches and 220 pounds for bruising blocking. His All-America tackle mate, Jim Dunaway of Mississippi, stands the same height, but weighs 260 and played the same kind of football in '62: rough and game-busting tough. "We never had a more talented lineman," said Ole Miss coach Johnny Vaught.

The superlatives flowed as freely from the coaches of the other interior line All-Americans. Northwestern coach Ara Parseghian said of his six-foot, 230-pound guard Jack Cvercko: "He's the most dedicated player I ever coached." Alabama coach Paul (Bear) Bryant said of his 6-2, 210-pound center Lee Roy Jordan: "He's never had a bad day. He does everything as an All-America should—with class." Texas University coach Darrell Royal had sentences of superlatives for his star guard John Treadwell, too.

Statistics did the speaking for quarterback Terry Baker. Running well and passing very well, Baker piled up 4980 yards in 1962, only 125 yards short of the college single-season total-offense record. He led, literally led, Oregon State to a surprisingly successful 8-2 record.

Halfback Jerry Stovall of Louisiana State University spent most of the season making people think he was figment of a publicity director's imagination. How? By leading his powerful team in scoring, rushing, pass receiving, punting and kickoff returns, and by turning in such exciting runs as his 98-yard kickoff return for a touchdown against Georgia Tech.

Roger Kochman, strong, speedy and dependable, was the halfback who had the most to do with Penn State's successful season (the team lost only one game). Fullback George Saimes was a star on both offense and defense for Michigan State.



After striking out 21 Baltimore Orioles, Tom Cheney said "I had no idea I was setting a record until I heard the announcement."

Twenty-One Strikeouts For Tom Cheney

The big, 27-year-old righthanded pitcher had been around. He'd pitched at Albany, Georgia, in 1952. He'd pitched, off and on, in the big leagues since 1957, with a 2-2 1960 record at Pittsburgh the best he could show for his work in the majors. Now, on September 13, 1962, Tom Cheney was pitching for the Washington Senators in Baltimore.

It was the 14th inning, the score was tied at one, and Cheney, who'd been in all the way, was facing Baltimore's second-baseman, Marv Breeding. Cheney wound up,

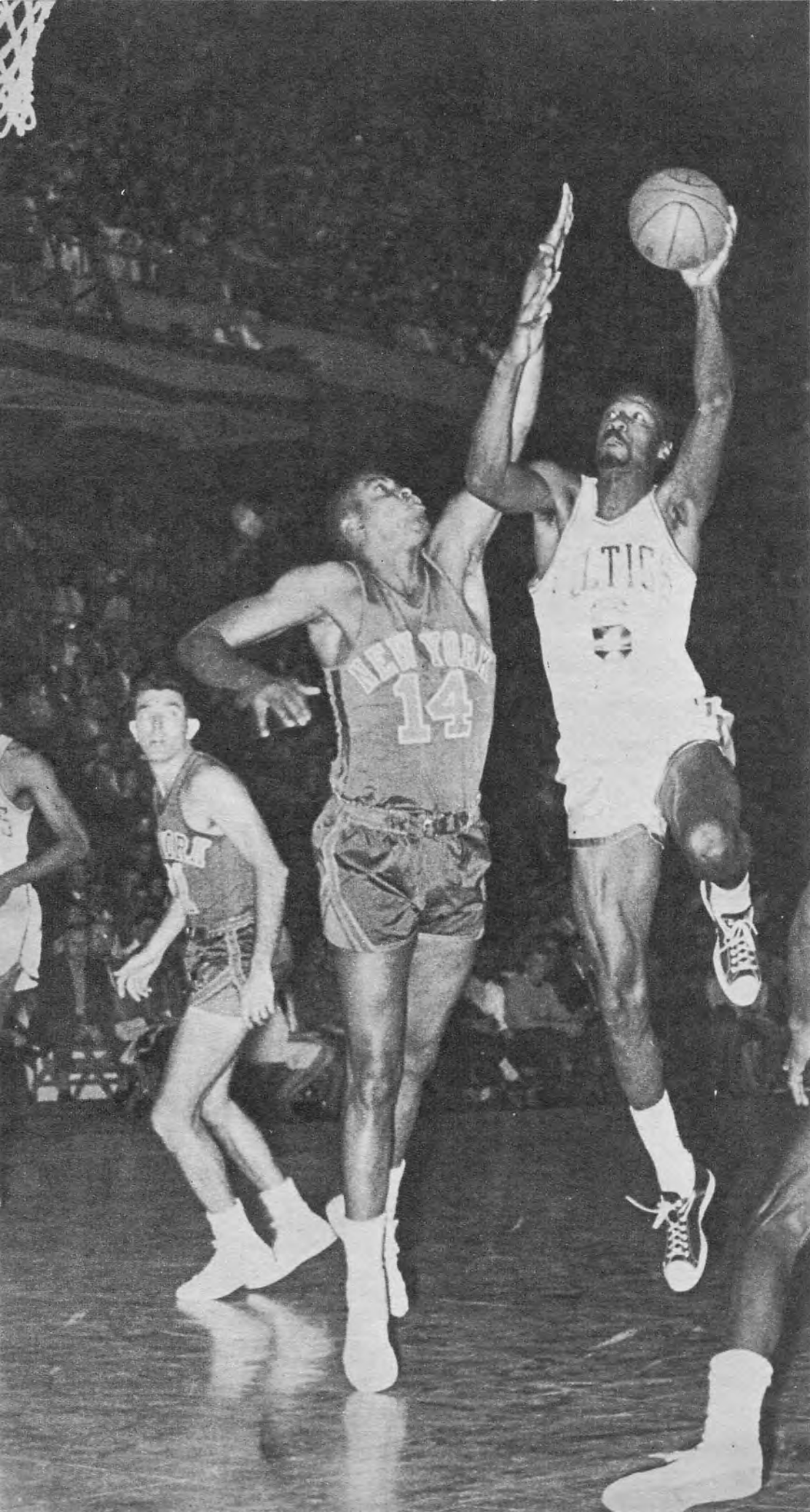
pitched, and his curveball broke across the outside corner of the plate. Strike three. The public-address speaker crackled with an announcement of importance. Cheney, the public-address announcer said, had just tied the major-league record for strikeouts in a ball game, a record shared by Bob Feller and Sandy Koufax.

Koufax and Feller had struck out 18 batters in nine-inning games. It had taken Tom a while longer. But he wasn't through. He went back to work. He threw a pair of fastballs

to his pitching opponent, Dick Hall, and both were wide. "Settle down now, Tommy," shouted Washington pitching coach Sid Hudson.

Cheney struck out Hall. In the 15th inning, he struck out Russ Snyder. In the 16th inning, with Washington ahead, 2-1, he struck out Dick Williams to end the game. Twenty-one strikeouts. A record.

He had thrown 228 pitches—fastballs, curveballs, screwballs and knuckleballs. A long hard night's work. "But I wasn't tired at the end," Cheney said. "Just stiff."



Bill Russell (No. 6), shooting against the Knicks' Paul Hogue (at left), showed the same awesome form early this season as he did last year leading the Boston Celtics to their fourth straight NBA title. In the final playoff game against the Los Angeles Lakers, Russell scored 30 points and grabbed 40 rebounds. "There is still no one on the horizon who can counteract the things Bill Russell can do to you," said Laker coach Fred Schaus at the time. "The Celts will be strong until they lose him."

THE CELTICS (HO, HUM) ARE THE NBA CHAMPS



Guiding hand behind the Celtic dynasty is Red Auerbach, a demanding coach.

It was the best of all possible play-off pairings as the Boston Celtics and the Los Angeles Lakers took the floor last April for the first game in their best-of-seven series for the National Basketball Association title. The team with the legendary past and history-making present (Celtics) was meeting the team with the imposing future (Lakers).

Many fans in Boston Garden were fearful that this possibly would be the time youth would be served. Though the Celtics in the 1961-62 regular season had broken their own league record for most victories, the club had had the scare of its dynastic life in the Eastern Division play-off final. There it took the Celtics seven games and a last-second shot by Sam Jones to subdue the Wilt Chamberlain Warriors. The Lakers were fresh, young and hungry. The time seemed ripe for the Decline of the Boston Empire, an empire that won six straight division crowns and four of five playoff titles.

No team had a more legitimate claim to the Celtic reign than the Lakers. They boasted the most fearsome one-two-three scoring punch in pro basketball. The trio of Elgin Baylor, Jerry West and Rudy LaRusso, had averaged more than 86 points a game. Baylor, with 38.2, was the leader, yet Los Angeles had soared through much of its regular-season schedule without him, while he served with the army.

Still, there were plenty of optimists among the Boston fans who insisted that the Celtics had too many things going for them to be forced to turn over the realm so soon to the upstart Lakers. There

was defensive genius Bill Russell, with a rebounding average of 24.8.

Bill Sharman had retired and incomparable playmaker Bob Cousy had slowed down a bit, but the Jones boys, Sam and K. C., had kept the fast-break moving. Providing the most consistent scoring punch was Tom "Ack Ack" Heinsohn. Critics accused Heinsohn of loving his shots more than his teammates, but coach Red Auerbach had no objections. Not the way Heinsohn put them in from all areas of the floor. Heinsohn's scoring more than made up for the lower averages of Jim Loscutoff, Frank Ramsey and Tom Sanders, each of whom brought other specialties to the unit.

And so, as the optimists and pessimists sat side by side at the Boston Garden during the first game, it appeared that the Gloomy Gusses could take a lesson from their positive-thinking brethren. Despite their noticeable tiredness from the Philadelphia series, the Celtics held on to win, 122-108, with Sam Jones' 24 points leading the scoring for the winners. But Boston couldn't keep up the hectic pace the next day and a 129-122 Laker victory sent the tied teams to balmy California.

Boston scored 115 points in each of the next two games. The first time it proved two points too few when West stole a pass with three seconds remaining and scored the winning basket (his 35th and 36th points) as the gun sounded. In Game No. 4, a desperately vital one for the Celtics, Boston showed once again its ability to bound back. The defending champs won, 115-103.

Everyone had been waiting for

Baylor to break loose with a Wilt-like scoring splurge and it came in the fifth game back in Boston. Scoring one more than half the Celtic total, the Lakers' whirling forward hit for 61, an all-time playoff record, and LA won, 126-121. The series was assured of going the limit when Sam Jones, always reliable in the clutch, scored ten points in six crucial minutes of the sixth game to lead a 119-105 Boston victory.

Through 47 minutes and 20 seconds of the seventh and deciding game, it looked as if not even a tenacious and talented Laker team could stop a Boston club bent on winning an unprecedented fourth straight title. The Celtics led most of the way and they led, 100-96, with 40 seconds left. Selvy scored then to make it 100-98 and he tied the score 20 seconds later. Confident that his momentum could carry him and his team all the way, Selvy got the ball again with seven seconds remaining. He drove through a barrier of Celtics, released an easy jump shot and prayed. If the ball dropped in, the Lakers would be the new champs. But the shot was three inches too high. Baylor leaped to be ready for the tap-in, but thought the shot was good. He pulled his hand back. Russell moved in, snatched the rebound as regulation time ran out.

The overtime period was anticlimactic. Sam Jones scored five, Russell four and Cousy one. The Celtics won, 110-107, but never had a Boston title come so hard.

The Lakers remained the team of the future. But the Celtics were a team with the past and the present. **31**

Officials Help Settle The Big Ten Title Battle

The winner of the Wisconsin-Minnesota football game on November 24 would be the Big Ten champions for 1962. It was a big game, an important game. Wisconsin had clinched a Rose Bowl berth because Minnesota had played in Pasadena the year before, but that wasn't the point. The point was that Minnesota had lost only one game, tied one, featured one of the country's great defenses. Wisconsin had lost only one game, featured the country's greatest scoring team. Who would prevail? As it turned out, neither prevailed. Nationally syndicated columnist Red Smith,

who was there, put it this way: "By far, the biggest gainer was Bob Jones, the referee, who carried 14 times for 130 yards against the thorniest defense in the league."

With 97 seconds left, the score was 9-7, Minnesota, a field goal the margin of difference between the two teams. With the ball on Minnesota's 43, a packed crowd of 65,000 at Camp Randall Stadium in Madison, Wisconsin, tensed. Badger quarterback Ron VanderKelen dropped back to throw. He was rushed hard by All-America tackle Bobby Bell, who partially blocked the ball. The pass was intercepted by Jack Perko-

vich. But Bell was penalized for roughing the passer—15 yards, a first down on the 28. Minnesota coach Murray Warmath protested the call. The referee paced off another 15 yards for "unsportsmanlike conduct." That left the Badgers 13 yards away. They scored.

On the next sequence, the officials called off three quick penalties against Wisconsin, 55 yards in all. The Gophers had the ball on the Wisconsin 14, with 70 seconds left. But Duane Blaska's first-down pass was intercepted in the end zone. The Badgers held on and won the game, 14-9, and the Big Ten crown.

"Unsportsmanlike conduct" penalty called against Minnesota coach Murray Warmath (left) set up Wisconsin's winning score.



It started out normally enough. The Yankees scored six runs in the top of the first and one in the top of the second. The Tigers scored three runs in the first, three in the third and one in the last of the sixth. A 7-7 tie at the end of six. The Yankees had used Bob Turley, who was bombed out in one-third of an inning, then Jim Coates, then Bill Stafford, then Marshall Bridges. The Tigers had started with Frank Lary, then Jerry Casale, then Ron Nischwitz. A real free-swinging game. Right? Wrong.

Ron Kline replaced Nischwitz in the seventh and stifled a Yankee threat. Tex Clevenger came in for the Yankees and began putting down Tiger batters. In the eighth inning, lefty Hank Aguirre, with only one day's rest, came in to pitch. Heck, a short relief wouldn't hurt him, would it? The only thing is, the game went into overtime. Aguirre ended up pitching five and a third scoreless innings. Clevenger pitched six and a third scoreless innings. The score remained 7-7.

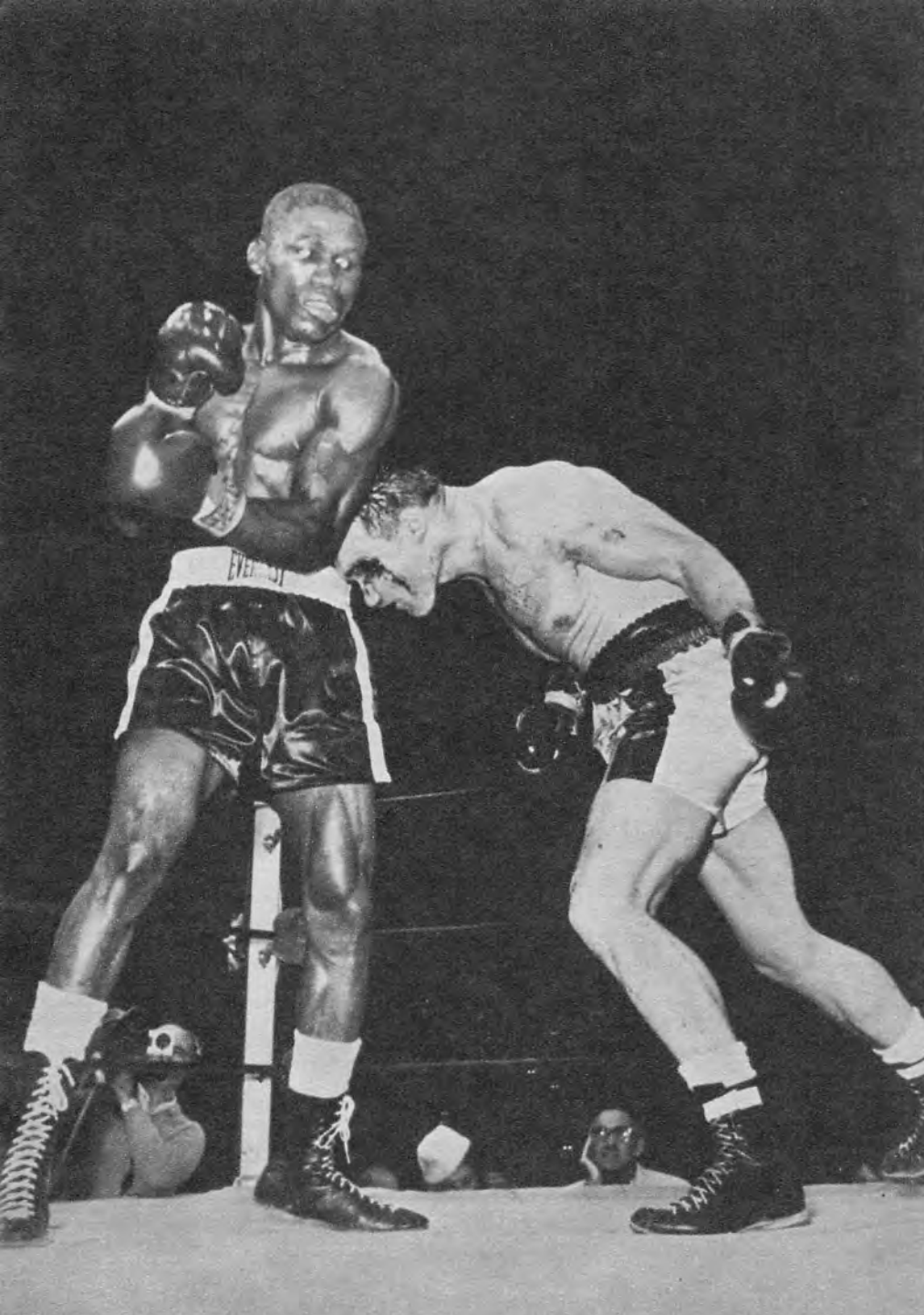
Bud Daley came in to pitch for the Yanks in the 13th. In the 14th, Terry Fox came in to pitch for the Tigers. Fox, who had never gone more than four and two-thirds innings for the Tigers, went *eight* before he tired. Phil Regan replaced him in the top of inning No. 22.

Roger Maris walked and then Jack Reed, a defensive center fielder for the Yankees, and third-string rightfielder in this game (behind Mickey Mantle and Joe Pepitone), came up. Reed hit his first major-league home run. Two runs scored. Jim Bouton, pitching his seventh inning, set the Tigers down one-two-three in the last of the 22nd. The Yankees won, 9-7. The game, played on June 24, 1962, had made history—a seven-hour game, the longest ever played in the majors. There were 35,000 fans at the game. They consumed 32,200 hot dogs, 41,000 cups of beer, 34,500 cups of soda. A great day for the concession people—and for Rocky Colavito, who got seven hits in ten times up.



Starter Bob Turley lasted only one-third of an inning as Yankees used seven pitchers.

THE LONGEST GAME EVER PLAYED



Gene Fullmer (right) took a bad beating and lost his middleweight title to Dick Tiger.

Tiger Dethrones Fullmer

Like most fight managers, Marv Jenson felt he knew what was best for the man he handled. For that reason he tried to prevent his middleweight champion Gene Fullmer from fighting Dick Tiger, a fearsome contender from Nigeria.

But Fullmer, a man who had taken on all logical challengers during his reign, wouldn't be swayed. And so on October 23, in San Francisco's Candlestick Park, the two fighters squared off for the world title.

Tiger's real name is Richard Ihetu (pronounced "I hate you") but it didn't matter what you called him that night because by any other name he would still have fought with hate and like a tiger. For the first eight rounds Tiger, the aggressor, beat Fullmer to the punch and withstood easily the champ's customary body blows.

In the ninth Fullmer got the worse of a violent exchange on the ropes when Tiger opened a 1½-inch cut about Gene's left eye. Soon blood flowed from above Fullmer's other eye as well and from his scalp and nose. Forced to protect his wounds, Fullmer seemed reluctant to fight. During the 11th round, the champion drew back. Surprised and irritated, Tiger lowered his guard and mocked his foe.

"People pay their money to see men fight and a champ should never run," Tiger said later. "I don't like or understand what he do, and I think maybe I can make him mad and want to fight."

But Fullmer was a beaten man and conceded as much. Tiger's lefts, striking with speed, and his brutal rights had done the job. For the ex-champion, it was his eighth title defense and his first loss in 18 fights. For the 5-8, 159-pound Tiger it was his 46th victory in 59 tries.

The 33-year-old Tiger indicated he intends to enjoy as long as he can the good life that goes with being a winner. "Now I'm the champ and I think I'll stay the champ," he said.

ANOTHER BIG YEAR FOR WILLIE SHOEMAKER

In the high-speed, turf-pounding world of horse racing, even the most skilled of jockeys can expect his literal ups and downs. Willie Shoemaker, the third-winningest jockey of all time and the second biggest money-winner, is no exception. On November 7 at Aqueduct, Willie rode his 300th winner for the ninth season in his 14-year career.

The next day he sat easily atop his mount, Sleepless, and awaited the start of the eighth race. The bell rang, the stalls sprang open and the horses streaked down the track. All, that is, except Sleepless. The horse stumbled after a few steps and Willie was thrown. The track car drove a shaken-up but uninjured Shoemaker back to the weighout scale. As he got out of the car he was greeted by a chorus of boos, hardly a proper salute on his final racing day of the season in New York.

As was apparent from the catcalls, the 30-year-old Shoemaker isn't without his detractors, many of whom claim Willie benefits greatly from the good horses he is assigned. They may fail to realize, though, that he wouldn't get the best if his talent didn't merit them.

Always consistent, the 4-11, 98-pound Shoemaker has barely slackened the pace that earned him 2500 winners in his first seven years. Willie still rides a full day's schedule and last year booted home six winners in a day, the eighth time he had performed such a feat.

Though his racing income alone averages \$250,000 a year, Shoemaker seems dedicated to making racing history. "Retire?" he says. "Look at Longden (Johnny). Why, I'd be ashamed to retire while he's still riding. I'm young and I'm getting better all the time."



Willie Shoemaker (right) approaches the all-time winning and earning records nearly every time he mounts up. He won over 300 races in the '62 season.

Brumel's Heroics Highlight US-USSR Meet



Outstanding performer in the 1962 U.S.-USSR meet was Valeri Brumel (above), who went over the high-jump bar at 7-5, a world record. Among U.S. stars was Bob Hayes (far left), who won the 100-meter dash in 10.2 with the tape-breaking burst of speed shown here and later starred in the 400-meter relay. The United States' men won their segment of the meet and the Russian women won their segment. The U.S. standout in women's events was Wilma Rudolph Ward.

Russians have been known for telling some tall tales, so Americans were skeptical about the first story told when the USSR team arrived for the 1960 Olympics at Rome. The Russians, Americans assumed, were working on a "real tall one" by saying they had a couple of seven-foot high jumpers. At the time the United States' 19-year-old John Thomas was seemingly invincible in the high jump and Americans just laughed off the threat of Russia's pair—aging Robert Shavlakadze and a 17-year-old youngster no one had heard of—Valeri Brumel.

But in the Olympic final, Brumel and his teammate beat Thomas. Subsequently, in post-Olympic meets, Brumel beat Thomas five straight times. He also dominated his respective event more than any other active track-and-field star.

At the American-Russian dual meet in 1962 the congenial Brumel was a natural center of attraction. He wandered around the campus at Stanford University, site of the meet, and signed autographs with all the grace and politeness of a matinee idol. He would go into orbit by catapulting over hedges and fences. In the Stanford gym, he kicked his foot so high, he actually touched the ten-foot high basketball rim with his toe.

Then it was time to get down to business. Brumel let no one down.

He cleared 6-10 and two of his three remaining opponents—Thomas and Russian Viktor Bolshov—did not. America's Gene Johnson dropped out at an even seven feet. It was Brumel against nobody now, only against the record book. He cleared 7-3. Then the magic figure, 7-5, a world record, was posted alongside the high jump pit and the bar was raised. Brumel cleared the bar and drew a standing ovation from the crowd of 81,000.

(Later in the year, Brumel reached 7-5½ with patched-up shoes which he repaired himself. The height was the best ever.)

He was the top star in the '62 meet but there were others.

Harold Connolly, who set the pace for the American men's 128-107 victory, sailed the hammer 231 feet, ten inches—a world record. Two other weightmen, discus throwers Al Oerter and Rink Babka, placed ahead of Russian sensation Vladimir Trusenyev—with Oerter passing the coveted 200-foot mark. Ralph Boston reigned over Russian Igor Ter-Ovanesyan in the broad jump. Ron Morris, a late-comer to the 16-foot club in pole vaulting, won at 16 feet, ¾ inch. The United States continued to lead in the shorter running events. Russia continued to dominate at the longer distances. The U.S. speedsters were 1-2 in the 100-, 200-, 400- and 800-meter runs and also went 1-2 in both hurdles. Bob Hayes was superb in winning the 100. Hurdler Jerry Tarr, in his last amateur meet (he now dashes for the Denver Broncos football team), was magnificent, being clocked at :13.4. Shotputter Dallas Long won easily at 64-1. Russia's Pyotr Bolotnikov, one of track's most underrated runners, was the only man to win two individual events—the 5000- and 10,000-meter runs.

In the women's events Wilma Rudolph Ward won the 100-meter race and anchored the winning relay despite her team's 41-66 defeat.

Barbara Brown won the 200-meter sprint for the American gals' only other victory. Russia's Tamara Press won two events—the shot put and discus.

It was the best dual meet in the world and it drew a two-day crowd of 153,000.

The only controversy that developed concerned the scoring. There had been a premeet agreement that the men's and women's scores would be separate. The Russian coach added the two together since his teams—together—had beaten the Americans. However, Russian writer Vladimir Kuts, a former Olympic champion, wrote in his paper, "The United States is the strongest track and field power in the world." Americans agreed, though, that he could have added "... despite Brumel."



Ralph Boston, one of America's 1960 Olympic heroes, gave a repeat performance by beating Russia's Igor Ter-Ovanesyan during the 1962 U.S.-USSR dual meet broad-jump final. Boston (above) was a winner at 26 feet, nine inches.



STAN MUSIAL'S BID FOR THE BATTING CROWN

There had been some talk that Stan The Man Musial had become Stan The Old Man these past few years. The Man had won six batting titles during his first ten full seasons with the St. Louis Cardinals and only one in the second decade.

His averages of .255, .277, and .288 from 1959 to 1961 were hardly symbolic of the silver bat they give away which is supposed to be symbolic of a league-leading hitter. So before the 1962 season began, Musial and manager Johnny Keane decided Musial would be used sparingly—when the club needed him.

His hitting certainly seemed to have slumped, and there were other hitters to take his place (the Cards had a .271 team batting average in 1961, second best in the majors).

But when the final returns were in for 1962, they found that in this election year in St. Louis, it was Musial who got the votes.

His .330 average not only led the Cards, it was third best in the league. Musial started fast, hitting .400 for the first few weeks, then dropped to .300 in late May. Two months later he was leading the league again, at .350. He had four homers in a double header against the Mets and got five hits in one game against the Giants.

Even at his low point, a slump where he was 2-for-25, he was making news. The first of those hits in the slump was off Juan Marichal and it tied Honus Wagner's National League record for hits. The second was off Ron Perranoski and, of course, broke that record.

Stan's home run and runs-batted-in totals—19 and 82—were his best since 1957 (the last time he led the league in hitting). Only Bill White and Ken Boyer did better in those categories among the Cardinals.

He went to bat officially 433 times. It didn't take Keane much time to decide that Musial helping the team most meant playing as often as he could. He eventually played in 135 games and also in the All-Star Game. At 42, Stan was still The Man.

The Year Of The Sophomore Stars

North, South, East and West—everywhere in 1962, a sophomore quarterback was starring.

The most exciting sophomores were Tom Myers, Northwestern, and Joe Namath, Alabama, who guided their teams into No. 1 rankings for part of the season.

Myers, trying to break the tradition that passing teams don't win the Big Ten title, was completing airdrops at a 65 percent rate. Though he had completed 73 touchdown passes in high school, hardly anyone thought he could revitalize Northwestern. But he had the Wildcats

undefeated for the first six games, when disaster (i.e., Wisconsin, Michigan State) struck.

Namath was a star in the Alabama offense—and that was a big order on a team opening the season with an 18-game unbeaten streak. Mike Fracchia, an All-America candidate at fullback, was injured just before the season began, so a big burden was on the young Namath. Namath won personal showdowns with two great junior quarterbacks, George Mira of Miami (Florida) and Billy Lothridge, Georgia Tech.

Other brilliant rookies in foot-

ball's toughest position were Archie Roberts, Columbia; Craig Morton, California; Roger Staubach, Navy; and Bob Berry, Oregon. Roberts rewrote all major Columbia single-season records. Morton, who didn't see action until the season was well underway, made his debut by hitting 20 of 28 for 274 yards and three touchdowns in defeat against Penn State. Navy improved over the year as Staubach improved. Berry moved Oregon to one of its more fruitful seasons.

The year 1962 was the year for quarterbacks. A bumper year.

In Archie Roberts (with ball, below), Columbia had one of the most exciting quarterbacks in a year highlighted by young passers.



Arnold Palmer, Incorporated



Seated in the cherrywood-paneled basement of his \$50,000 ranch house last spring, Arnold Palmer sounded off on his pro golf rivals. "The problem with the young pros today is that they either think they know it all or they aren't hungry enough," he said.

Palmer's mild contempt was understandable, for there is only one young pro on the tournament trail today who has the right to think he knows it all or to approach each tourney without a trace of money-hunger pangs. That would be Arnold Palmer, and he's exercised neither right even though he is the world's best and richest golfer. There's hardly a major tournament he hasn't won in his eight pro seasons and there's hardly a business venture available to a golfer in which he isn't involved.

In 1962 he won more than \$80,000 in tournament money, breaking the record of \$75,262 he himself set in 1960. And yet that was less than one-fifth of the total earnings he expected at year's end. Through the shrewd aid of young attorney Mark McCormack, Arnold has endorsed and invested wisely.

Yet the only effect success seems to have had on the tight-lipped, 32-year-old Palmer is to force him to drive himself harder and to be satisfied less and less with failure. The past year was perhaps his best one ever on the world's golf courses. He won the Masters, the British Open and saved the Canada Cup for the United States after partner Sammy Snead faltered near the end.

The key to his tournament success was, as always, his talent for honing his competitive drive. "As long as I play tournament golf, I'll never quit wanting to win," he says.

Bolder, more calculating and richer than ever, Arnold Palmer (left) again was best. His big win was the Masters.



THE U.S. DAVIS CUP DROUGHT CONTINUES

Chuck McKinley (above) prevented the United States' American-Zone Davis Cup loss to Mexico from being a complete runaway.

Never has a tennis ball taken funnier bounces than it did in August in Mexico City's rarefied air. There in the high-up city, where the atmosphere plays tricks with the ball as well as with your breath, the United States Davis Cup team fell, 3-2, to Mexico in the semi-final round of the American zone.

For the confident Americans, it was the most shocking Davis Cup defeat in years and further emphasized the United States' downhill slide in international competition. Equipped with a new captain, Bob Kelleher, the team had hoped to end

its Davis Cup drought which has brought only two championships since 1950. Instead, it failed to reach the Inter-Zone final.

The sole American bright spot was the play of Chuck McKinley, who got both his team's points with victories over Raphael Osuna and Mario Llamas. In the round's opening match, the compact McKinley was at the peak of his game. Usually a slugger, he combined power with touch to beat Osuna, Mexico's top player, in straight sets of 6-2, 7-5 and 6-3. But disaster soon struck. Jon Douglas lost to Antonio Pala-

fox in the second singles match. And in the doubles, young and erratic Dennis Ralston lost all control of his service to cost him and partner McKinley an apparent victory. Twice Ralston committed two of his 18 double-faults when the United States was at set points. Douglas dropped the third singles to Osuna.

About America's only tennis consolation of the year was its staging of the best U. S. national tournament ever. And even that didn't offer much solace. Rod Laver and Margaret Smith won the titles. Both are Australians



They used to say Leon Wagner couldn't field; that's changed. He says: "I'm one of the best outfielders there is. Man, I never drop a ball; I used to, but no more."

THE AMAZING ANGELS, THE TORRID TWINS, A WACKY AL PENNANT RACE



Unhappy in Cleveland, Vic Power (left) came to Minnesota and settled the infield. "I'd do anything for Sam Mele (right)," says Vic.

Anyone in this world who can imagine the New York Mets in first place come July 4, 1963, stand up and be counted! What, you stood up? Yes, sir, you there with the thinning hair and the huge grin scattering the wrinkles over your red face. What is your name? "Bill Rigney." Oh.

In 1961 manager Bill Rigney's brand new Los Angeles Angels finished eighth in the American League, winning 70, losing 91 games. In 1962 the amazing Angels were a half-game ahead of the Yankees on July 4th. They did it with a gang of players nobody else wanted.

There was Lee Thomas at first base, acquired from the Yankees. Thomas batted .290, hit 26 home runs and drove in 104 runs in 1962. There was Billy Moran at second, scooped out of the minors. He batted .282 and made the 1962 All-Star team.

At short there was Joe Koppe, who's been around and around, and Jim Fregosi, who at 19 hadn't had time to be around much. They covered the ground, and Fregosi batted .291. At third there was Felix Torres, dragged out of the minors, who hit .259 with 74 RBI.

The outfield was full of the most unlikely people: minor league refugee Leon Wagner; the world's shortest giant named Albie Pearson; and either catcher Earl Averill, infielder Leo Burke or U.S. Army acquisition George Thomas. Wagner

hadn't made it with the Giants or Cardinals and had done little with Toronto of the International League in 1960. But general manager Fred Haney took a chance on him and Wags hit .280 with power in '61. In '62 his average fell 12 points, but he hit 37 home runs and drove in 107. He wouldn't scare you with his glove. There was the time in the minors when Wagner, racing to the bullpen to field a ball, couldn't find it under the bench. So he picked up a crushed paper cup and threw it in. This past summer a writer wrote that Leon didn't play the outfield; he just got his mail delivered there. The next day Wagner walked angrily toward the writer and said, "Did you write that?" "Yes." "Well, that's a helluva good line," Leon said through a smile.

The Angel catcher was a switch-hitting rookie named Bob Rodgers whom Rigney says will be the league's best very soon. The pitchers were a bunch of guys named Dean Chance, Bo Belinsky, Ken McBride, Don Lee, Eli Grba, which is a very unusual collection of names. Even more unusual, they won games. The Angels won in unusual ways and with one of the wackiest philosophies ever: loose and easy. They kidded each other continually, held mock fights in hotel lobbies to shake up the place, coach Rocky Bridges impersonated stewardesses over the mike on the team plane . . .

"We got some kind of harmony

on this club," said Wagner. "What brings us together, like man, is we blast each other's nationality. Man, we got everything: Polish, Irish, Puerto Rican. And then there's Belinsky."

"Everybody on this club," said Grba, "is nuts."

"At the beginning of the season," Pearson said, "people would ask where we expected to finish. Our answer was always the same. Anywhere from first to eighth. It was a pretty good guess, wasn't it?"

The Angels worried the Yankees until they split a big series at the Stadium early in September and ended hope. They finished third behind the Minnesota Twins, who might have won the pennant if they hadn't traded Don Lee to the Angels. He was the righthanded starter they needed to go with Camilo Pascual, Jim Kaat, Dick Stigman and Jack Kralick. The club had the power from Harmon Killebrew, Bob Allison and Lenny Green. They had the catcher in Earl Battey. And the Twins came up with their needed infield in young third-baseman Rich Rollins and rookie second-baseman Bernie Allen, plus shortstop Zoilo Versalles. They were held together by Vic Power at first and led by manager Sam Mele. "If I have a broken leg I play for him," said Power. "Everybody hustles for him."

They did, and moved from seventh to second in a year.

Emile Griffith's Dilemma

On March 24, 1962, Emile Griffith won the welterweight championship of the world, but he killed a man doing it. The victim: Benny (the Kid) Paret. The dilemma for Emile Griffith: Would he fight again, and, if so, how would he fight?

Griffith spent a long and lonely period of contemplation at his home in the Virgin Islands, reflecting on his future and trying desperately to erase the memory of that fight. But Emile Griffith was assailed by self-doubts. And he wasn't helped by people constantly reminding him of the tragedy. They all asked the same

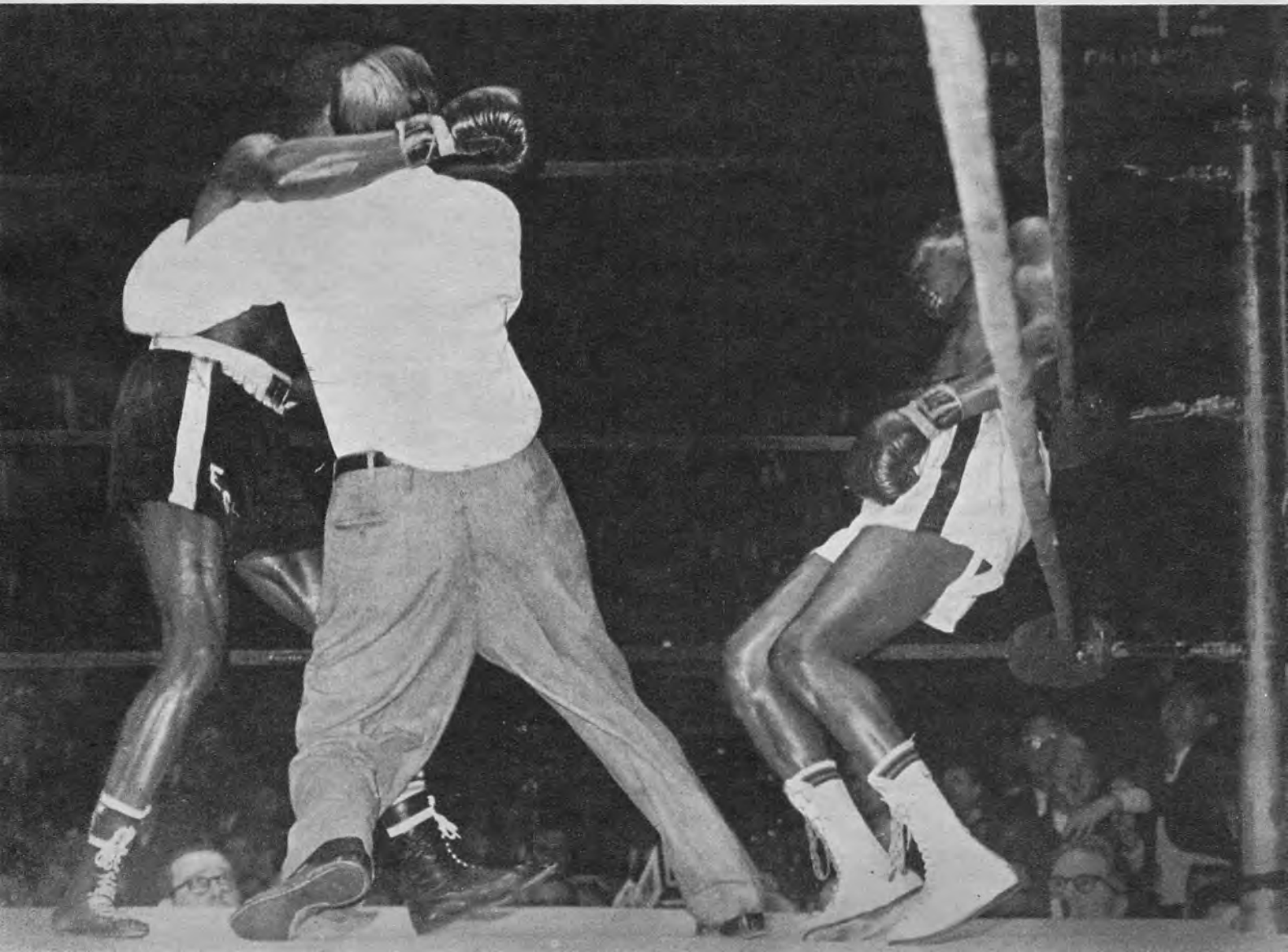
question. But what could Emile say except that boxing was his trade and that death does happen in the ring and that he was sorry, so very sorry.

Finally, Griffith decided to fight again, to try himself out, to see if he still had a stomach for his trade. His opponent was chosen: the flashy Ralph Dupas.

In the early rounds, it seemed that Griffith's despondency over Paret's death lingered on. He was listless while Dupas, a scrambler and dancer with a flicking left jab, piled up points. Going into the 11th round of the 15-rounder, Dupas definitely

had a chance to win. And then Griffith's fighting spirit began to assert itself. He stepped up the pace, he put increasing pressure on Dupas, he began to hurt Dupas. In the 12th round, he put combinations together and sent Dupas walking like a drunk to his corner. In the 15th, he caught Dupas flush with a right to the jaw. Dupas staggered but stayed upright. But it didn't matter. At the end of the 15 rounds, the three judges awarded the fight unanimously to Emile Griffith. He would never forget Kid Paret, but he was, at least, still a fighter.

After killing Benny Paret (right) welterweight champ Griffith pondered his future, decided to fight on, successfully defended his title.



It was this kind of a year in horse racing. Three of the leading contenders for "horse of the year" honors in the United States—Kelso, Carry Back and Beau Purple—competed in the Washington, D.C., International. A French horse, Match II, won. On one Saturday in the fall, the best two-year-old, Never Bend, and the best filly, Cicada, competed separately. Each was odds-on choice to win. Each lost.

All this nonsense began early in the racing season when no one could quite figure out who was the likeliest-looking Kentucky Derby contender. Ridan had won some impressive two-year-old races; Crimson Satan had had a hot streak; Admiral's Voyage was rounding to form; Jaipur won the Wood Memorial, the traditional big pre-Derby race. So who won the Kentucky Derby? A grey longshot named Decidedly, ridden by Bill Hartack.

But that was the last big race Decidedly was to win all year. In the Preakness, second leg of the Triple Crown, Decidedly finished eighth. Another longshot, Greek Money, was the winner. And in the Belmont, third leg of the Triple Crown, the demanding one-and-a-half mile race was won by Jaipur.

Meanwhile, it was just as confusing for the older horses. The millionaire colt Carry Back was being raced often, winning some, losing some. Owner Jack Price even shipped his cinderella horse to France for the famous Arc de Triomphe, and then berated the English jockey he had hired to ride Carry Back for the horse's poor showing. The gelding Kelso, horse of the year in 1961, was winning, too, but also losing races handicappers figured he should have won.

Some of the confusion was straightened out by the end of the year. Jaipur with \$384,000 in earnings through October 31, was generally considered the best of the three-year-olds; Cicada, Christopher Chenery's three-year-old, was much the best of the fillies; and Never Bend, even after a couple of disappointing races, was the pick of the two-year-olds. Kelso repeated as "Horse of the Year," the choice in a season of confusion.



Cinderella horse Carry Back added to his big earnings but he lost a lot of big races.

STEEDS AND STAKES: A SUMMARY OF THE TURF SEASON



Central figures in the war were (from left) NCAA boss Walter Byers, AAU boss Dan Ferris and U.S. Olympic president Tug Wilson.

The NCAA-AAU Feud

What started as a brush-fire war years ago between the American Track Coaches Association and the Amateur Athletic Union reached the near-megaton dimensions in '62.

Fortunately for the U. S., though, the government cooled tensions—at least until after the 1964 Olympics.

The actual bombing, nothing atomic at first, began in late 1961 among track-and-field leaders of the two factions and by the time the new year arrived, amateur basketball and gymnastics groups joined in the fight against the AAU. A very, very powerful ally—the National Collegiate Athletic Association—stepped in to harass its old enemy, the AAU, and by the time 1962 reached its midpoint, it was almost strictly an NCAA-AAU power struggle. The national high school athletics federation and other groups promised their support to the NCAA's buildup along the sport-front. The small-college association (NAIA) stood behind the AAU, partly because of its personal clashes with the NCAA. Ironically, the only major "neutral" was the Armed Forces sports organization.

The NCAA and high schools

wielded a powerful economic force at the AAU: strong conferences such as the Big Ten, Big Eight, West Coast (Big Six) and others, refused the AAU permission to use their facilities and/or let their athletes compete in AAU meets. The Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference, one of the AAU's oldest friends, voted to join the revolutionary movement. Junior colleges outside California sided with the rebels, too.

The AAU got a vote of confidence from the International Amateur Athletic Federation—the group that has the say on who represents who in the Olympic Games. Down but not out, the new group didn't even bother to appeal but said, "wait and see what the athletes do."

Though the struggle outwardly appeared to be AAU versus NCAA, the athletes had their say, too. Many of them, taking a chance on being banned from future AAU and Olympic trips, attacked the AAU in newspapers and magazines for its staid policies. Most raps were for inefficiency, low expense accounts on trips, favoritism, etc.

The NCAA's big complaint was taxation without representation: it

had little to say about how this country's athletic program was being conducted, although it had to furnish and train most of the athletes, and pay for facilities which the AAU used virtually free.

The AAU hurled threats at the athletes—clear, definite edicts that they would be suspended from international competition forever. That meant the Olympics, too. The new group told the athletes and country not to worry, because it was going to triumph eventually and that it would make the decisions on who would be eligible for what. Slyly, Walter Byers, chief executive of the NCAA, said: "Right will triumph—but we still hope the AAU will join us (the new federations)."

Because AAU bans of athletes from the new federations (which were set up for different sports) would have meant Olympic ineligibility, the matter was serious.

But as 1962 neared its close the rebels were called together by Attorney General Robert Kennedy and agreed upon a temporary truce. The bombs had been dropped but the fallout was slight. The casualty report listed no athletes.

SPEED AND SLUGGING IN THE ALL-STAR GAMES

Only once in four years, since the establishment of two major-league baseball All-Star Games, has a team won both games. In 1962 a split occurred again.

The National League closed the American League's overall winning margin to 16-15 in the first game at Washington's new District of Columbia Stadium on tight pitching and fast base running. But the American League knocked its challenger out of Chicago's Wrigley Field in the second.

Strange things marked both games—although standard elements were still there, too. As usual, Stan Musial represented the Nationals for the 21st and 22nd times and, as usual, got his hit . . . Maury Wills proved he can steal against any league . . . Jim Bunning displayed more excellent All-Star pitching.

However, the oddities made the differences in both victories. National League first-baseman Orlando

Cepeda drew more votes for a starting assignment than any player, then continued his All-Star batting slump which is now at 0-for-17. But he was the man who knocked in the winning run in the first game with a slow dribbler as his team won, 3-1. Shortstop Wills, a non-starter, responded with two runs scored, stole one base and ran expertly.

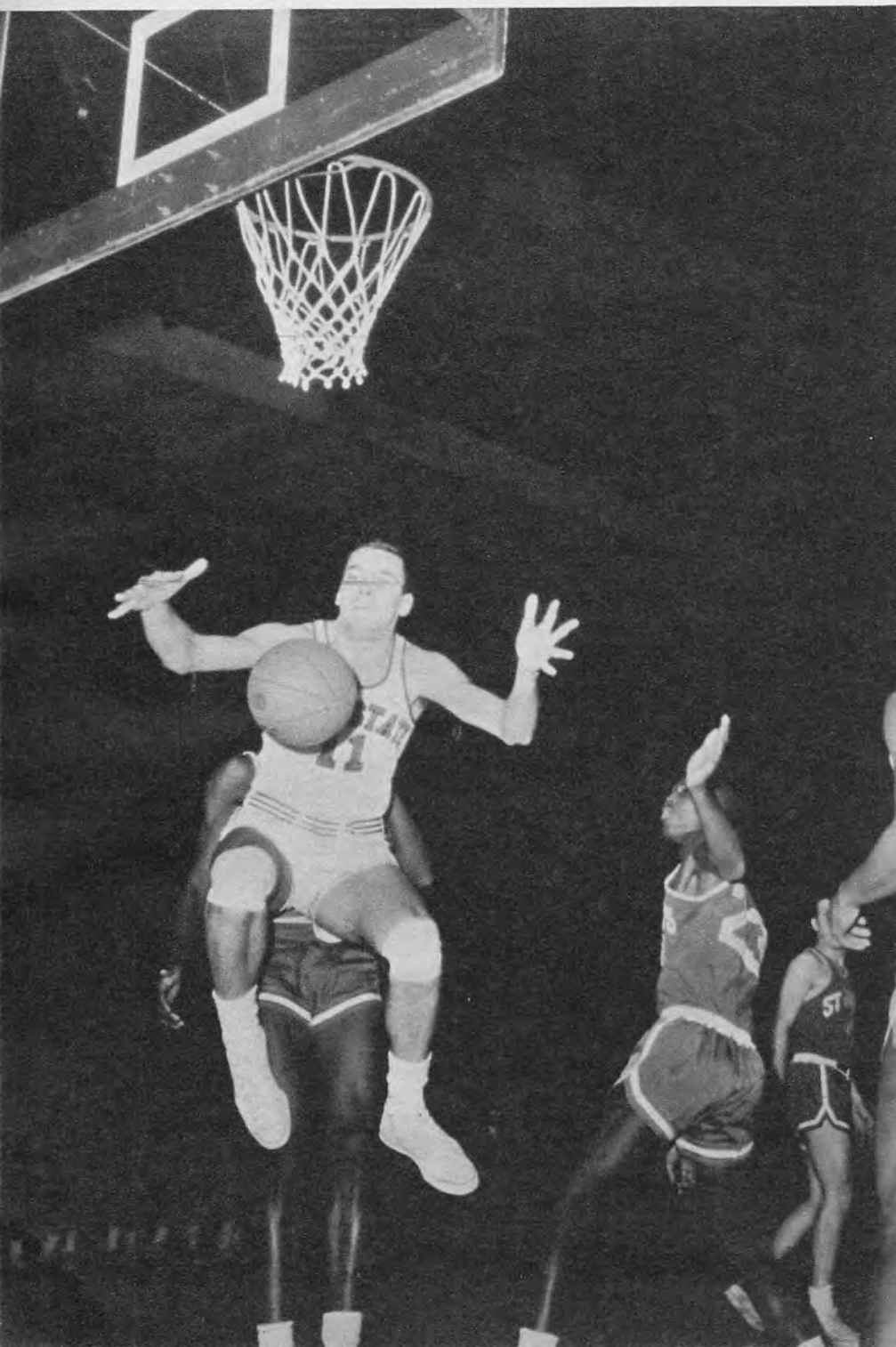
The American League rebounded, 9-4, in the second game with home runs by Boston's Pete Runnels, Detroit's Rocky Colavito and Los Angeles' Leon Wagner. Pinch-hitter Runnels was told "to get on base" by manager Ralph Houk, then put his team ahead to stay with a two-run homer. In 12 major-league seasons, he had hit only 45 homers. Wagner, supposedly a mediocre fielder, made the catch of the day.

Temporarily, the American League had stopped a hot surge by the Nationals, who had won 11 of the preceding 16 games.



Running by Maury Wills (left), helped pace the National League to a close, 3-1, victory in the first of two 1962 All-Star games. But when Rocky Colavito (above), Leon Wagner and Pete Runnels started slugging, the American League took the second by a 9-4 score. The Americans now have an 17-15 edge in the series. 47

The Strange Case Of Jerry Lucas



"I don't want to play pro basketball." That was what Jerry Lucas was telling everybody last year when he was winding up his distinguished collegiate career with Ohio State. He felt he couldn't stand the pro life—the traveling, the long schedule. A highly intelligent young man, Lucas felt there were more important things than basketball. So he said no, he would definitely not play basketball.

This didn't prevent people from trying to change his mind. The Cincinnati Royals, who owned territorial rights to Lucas, went after him. "We intend to make him a proposition," said Royals' general manager Pepper Wilson, "that he can't possibly afford to turn down." Jerry turned it down.

Then came the Cleveland Pipers of the American Basketball League. They had a different offer. A \$10,000 salary, a \$40,000 stock portfolio, also a sound-proof apartment. And, a much shorter schedule than the NBA. So Jerry Lucas signed.

But then things began to happen. The Pipers were suddenly admitted into the NBA, a development that Lucas hadn't foreseen. He said his contract was invalid and that the Pipers would have to make him a new offer. They did and Jerry signed a new, and better, two-year contract. But there were further financial problems and, because of them, the Pipers were turned down for admittance in the NBA. Which left Jerry Lucas squarely in the middle. Broken contracts, financial tug-of-wars, threats of law suits—it was all too much. Lucas could have played in the NBA this year, either with Cincinnati or New York, which had been negotiating secretly with the Royals. But Jerry Lucas had had enough. And he got his wish, at least this year. He's not playing.

A college star at Ohio State, Lucas reluctantly signed a pro contract. But he wound up sitting out the '62-63 season.



A superb skipper, Bus Mosbacher, Jr. (above) and a superb boat, the Weatherly, combined to successfully defend the America's Cup. The Australian challenger, Gretel, fought the good fight, beating the Weatherly in one of the races (first time the U.S. had lost in 14 Cup races), but to no avail. They were "too damn good," said the syndicate head of the Gretel.

AMERICA'S CUP: A BUS AND A BOAT

Four years ago, in 1958, the 12-meter yacht, Weatherly, was an also-ran in the competition to select a United States defender for the America's Cup. But it was different in 1962. The Weatherly, with a superb skipper, 40-year-old Bus Mosbacher, beat off all challenges and wound up as U.S. defender for the 1962 America's Cup races. The challenger: a doughty newcomer from Australia, the Gretel.

As always the Series would be a best four out of seven races. And as usual the United States was a heavy

favorite. In the first race, the Weatherly, churning up the ocean off of Newport, Rhode Island, won by three minutes and 46 seconds. It looked like a runaway, but it wasn't. In race number two, the Gretel went across the finish line 47 seconds in front. It was the first time in 14 Cup races that an American boat had been beaten. Bus Mosbacher and his ten-man crew tightened up. The Weatherly won the third race by eight minutes and 40 seconds. The fourth race was the best of them all. Weatherly opened a big lead on the

opening beat into the wind, but the Gretel came back into the race, ultimately fell short by a mere 100 yards.

The final race was an anti-climax. Mosbacher drove the Weatherly three minutes and 40 seconds ahead of the gallant Gretel. The America's Cup had been successfully defended. For Bus Mosbacher, it was the biggest day in his life. For America, it was a day of pride. Afterward, Sir Frank Packer, head of the Gretel Syndicate, said of Mosbacher and the Weatherly: "Too damn good."

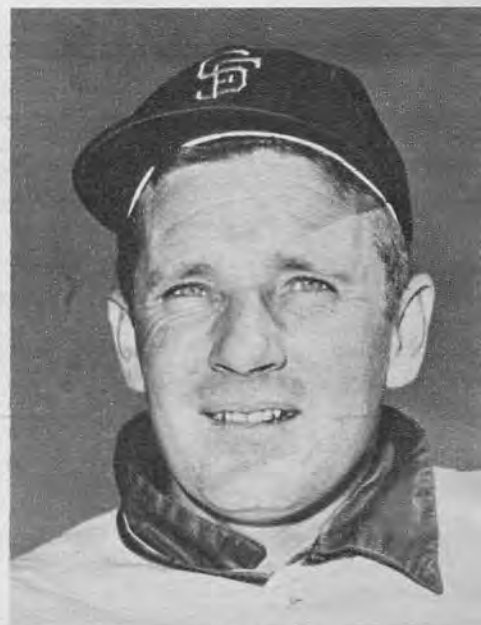
Twenty-Game Winners, Here, There, Everywhere



CAMILO PASCUAL



JOEY JAY



JACK SANFORD

In baseball, numbers measure a man's success. Two numbers are particularly important—.300 and 20. If a batter hits .300 or higher, he is considered somewhat of a star. If a pitcher wins 20 games or more, he is considered unquestionably a star. In 1962 eight pitchers unquestionably were stars.

It was a big year for 20-game winners; in 1961, for example, only half as many men—four—made 20-game magic. Why were there an unusually high number of 20-game winners in 1962? One reason was the expanded schedule. But there were other reasons, personal reasons, because some of 1962's 20-game winners achieved that success by overcoming obstacles, either of their own or fate's making.

Don Drysdale, the biggest winner, overcame perhaps the biggest obstacle—himself. Long touted as a pitcher of 20-game potential, Don, in six previous big-league seasons with the Dodgers, had been unable to win more than 17 in a year. And he had had some dreadful seasons,

too. The major reason, people said, was that Don was unable to control his explosive temper on the mound. In 1962 he controlled his temper, fastball, curveball, change-of-pace and slider—and ended up with a 25-9 record.

Camilo Pascual overcame an obstacle of his own making, too. He had, in the past, tipped off too many of his pitches. But in 1962, after learning to hide his pitches, he was 20-11.

Similarly, Ray Herbert finally received some support. Ray, after shuttling between the majors and minors since 1950, ended up in the majors permanently in 1958. With Kansas City. Enough said. Traded to the Chicago White Sox in 1961 and benefitting from reasonably good hitting and good fielding, he ended up 20-9 in 1962.

Dick Donovan, in professional baseball since 1947, overcame the obstacle of his age, 35. At 35 a pitcher usually works only in spots, not frequently enough to win 20. But Donovan was an unusual old man

for Cleveland: he was 20-10.

Bob Purkey, who'd started off hot in previous seasons only to fade away toward the stretch, sustained his skills all year in '62. Pacing himself better than he'd ever been able to, he was 23-5. His teammate on the Cincinnati Reds, Joey Jay (21-14 in '62) simply was repeating his 1961 success.

Jack Sanford, 24-7 with the Giants, found once more the skill he'd shown as a rookie in 1957 (when he won 19 games for the Phillies).

The eighth 20-gamer, Ralph Terry, simply reached his potential in 1962. The 26-year-old had always had this potential, but in '62, with his slider pitch finally perfected, he fulfilled it, winning 23 and losing 12 for the Yankees.

In 1962, too, three pitchers—Art Mahaffey, Billy O'Dell and Jim Bunning—won 19 games apiece. Excellent performances all, but 20, gentlemen of the pitching profession, is your magic number.

► DON DRYSDALE ►



A SWITCH (?) IN THE PRO TENNIS COMMAND



Jack Kramer, once the finest amateur tennis player in the world and later the finest professional tennis player in the world, spent most of the past decade chasing a dream and making money. His dream was to put together a tour of the finest tennis players in the world, all under contract to him as professionals. He was, most of the decade of chasing the dream, a pro-tennis promoter, and as he signed the players and promoted the tours, he made his money. And when he had signed enough players, and made enough money, he began dreaming bigger dreams. He dreamed of forcing, or coaxing, the amateur overlords of tennis into realizing reality. He dreamed of making some progressive steps to save a dying game.

Kramer's coaxing was reasonable. He had such tennis stars as Pancho Gonzales, Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall under pro contract. He offered to place them at the disposal of the amateur overlords. How? By letting them play in Open Tennis tournaments (pros and amateurs together). It would be, Kramer said reasonably, a boost for the game.

The amateur overlords debated and vetoed Open Tennis for '61 or '62.

Jack Kramer got to thinking. Maybe, he thought, Open Tennis won't be approved as long as I'm in charge of the pro players. His thinking had basis. He and the amateur overlords had had some bitter battles. So Jack said he'd step out.

But was Jack Kramer really retired? Gonzales, who'd feuded with Kramer continually through their long association, had his doubts. So did other people. They raised the possibility that Jack may have been simply waiting for Open Tennis to be approved before stepping back in command. "He says he has quit," Gonzales said a short while ago, "but my contract, as a player, is with Jack and I have yet to receive a letter from him that he's quit."

Jack Kramer. A man and a dream.

Jack Kramer, long the czar of professional tennis, announced his retirement in '62. But was it only a temporary retirement?

Stirling Moss:



A Crackup And A Comeback

Though Moss almost lost his life in an auto-racing accident this year, he would not let his injuries halt him. He aimed for a comeback.

In early autumn, 1962, a fellow was caught by the police and ticketed for speeding. For most of us, such an experience is exasperating. For this fellow, it was almost fulfilling. This speeder was Stirling Moss, generally acclaimed as the finest auto-racing driver in the world, and, evidently, a fellow on his way back.

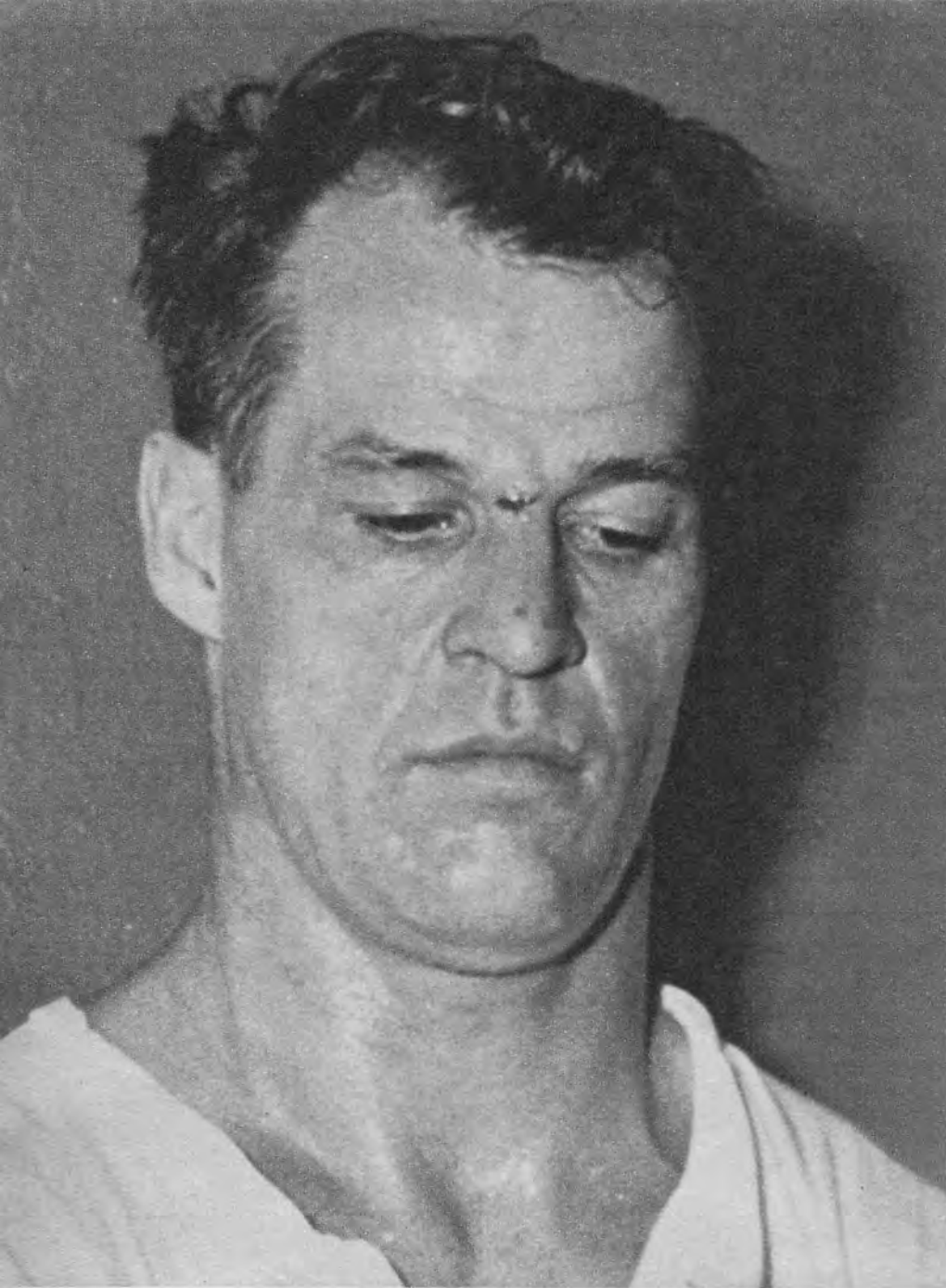
Less than a year earlier Moss, engaged in some daring driving in his daring business, had been in a crackup. A serious crackup. He might not live, the doctors said, and if he did, his auto-racing career was definitely over. Moss fought back. He recovered, spent his time in the hospital cheerfully chatting with nurses and doctors, friends and girl-

friends and said he hoped to race again. Though doctors doubted he would, doubted it until Moss actually got into a car again and began working his nerve and wheel-skill back into shape, he said he didn't doubt it. He was right. The doctors were wrong.

Speed almost killed Stirling Moss, but speed has been his auto-racing life. He'd cracked up before, but never as seriously. He assumes he'll be in crack-ups again. He does not let injury intimidate him. He has driven a racing car with a leg in a cast. He's raced around curves while nearly blinded by shattered glass. He thrives on the speed of his sport; he thrives on the danger.

He realizes the danger. "Driving a racing car," Moss says, "is something I think I'll enjoy for as long as I live. However long that is."

And then this 5-8, 154-pound Britisher may pause in the conversation and if the mood suits him, continue discussing his profession as if it were an art form. "I would not like to drive a racing car unless there was an element of danger involved," he has said, "any more than I would like to fight a bull without horns. And when I take a corner perfectly, it's like a painter who has been sweating at a portrait and can't quite capture a smile and then makes it with one stroke of the brush."



GORDIE HOWE GETS HIS 500th GOAL

Early in the evening of March 15, 1962, in a New York hotel room, Gordie Howe went into the bathroom and got sick. His sickness was caused by emotional reasons. That night the Detroit Red Wings would meet the New York Rangers. Each team had 57 points in the National Hockey League season. The victor in that game would in all probability make the Stanley Cup playoffs. There was something else on the 33-year-old Howe's mind, too. Gordie had 499 goals in his distinguished career. One more and he would reach a plateau achieved by only one other man in the history of the NHL, Maurice Richard.

But out on the ice that night at Madison Square Garden, sickness was replaced by fire and determina-

tion. In the first period the Rangers' Andy Bathgate, himself fighting for the NHL scoring championship, crashed the first goal of the night. But 15 minutes later, Howe fought off the Rangers' checking line, passed to Claude LaForge, who blasted a goal for the Red Wings.

With 17 minutes to go in the second period the Red Wings were shorthanded by a penalty. But this didn't stop Gordie. He took a pass at center ice and drove, all alone, toward the Rangers' goal. The only man in his way was the Rangers' superb defenseman, player-coach Doug Harvey. Howe avoided a collision, circling to Harvey's right, faking a cut-in and slipping past Harvey. Then, rather than trying a weak backhand, Gordie swiftly

shifted his hands on his stick. Now, two feet out, he sent a forehand shot screaming past goalie Gump Worsley. The Red Wings led, 2-1. Gordie Howe had his 500th goal.

He was mobbed by his teammates. The rabidly partisan Ranger fans rose reluctantly to cheer Howe.

Unfortunately for the Red Wings, that goal was not enough. The Rangers tied it and then won on a rare penalty shot by Bathgate.

But Gordie Howe had achieved one of the most lasting feats in ice hockey. What now was left for him? Well Maurice Richard's all-time scoring record is 544 goals. Gordie says his only ambition is to play 20 seasons. He's in his 17th now. If he lasts 20, then it will certainly be good-bye to Richard's record.

The After-Effects Of The Army Call-Up

In the late summer of 1961, there was a crisis over Berlin and the ripples from that crisis spilled over onto American sports. National Guard units were alerted. Some were called up. Some athletes were called up. It wasn't so bad in professional football. Bobby Mitchell of the Cleveland Browns was activated. The Green Bay Packers were stunned when Paul Hornung, Boyd Dowler and Ray Nitschke, three regulars, were called up. But the four and most of the other pros got weekend passes. They weren't at their sharpest, but at least they were playing. It didn't seem to bother the Packers. They won a title.

The Yankees won a pennant, too, even though a key player, shortstop Tony Kubek, missed three quarters of the season. But the Yankees found a first-rate replacement, rookie Tom Tresh. One club not so fortunate was the Baltimore Orioles, which lost two front-liners, pitcher Steve Barber and shortstop Ron Hansen, and had no replacements. So, the Orioles went nowhere in '62, the Yankees, developed a new star. The army call-up did some service and damage.



Army call-up hit clubs like the Orioles, who lost Steve Barber (above), and the Yankees, who missed Tony Kubek (right).



Cincinnati's victory celebration at New York's Holiday Festival Tournament (above) was followed three months later by a harder

THE people at the University of Cincinnati have been greatly disturbed in recent years at their failure in scheduling regular-season basketball games with their nearby big brother, Ohio State. Last season was particularly galling to the Bearcats for they had to spend the long winter months hearing taunts that their upset victory in overtime against the Buckeyes in the 1961 NCAA final was merely a fluke.

Cincinnati had only one way it could answer the cynics. It could play its very best basketball all season, qualify for a berth in the national tournament's final round of four at Louisville, hope that Ohio State did the same and that the two powerhouses would meet in a championship replay. The Bearcats were

lucky they had such a burning incentive, for their path was to be filled with ambushes.

First of all, coach Ed Jucker had to figure a way to break talented sophomores Ron Bonham and George Wilson into the starting lineup without losing costly early season games. As it turned out, Jucker was perhaps too cautious. The two sophs saw only limited action against the first few Bearcat opponents and in game No. 6, Wichita ended Cincinnati's 27-game winning streak.

Quickly, however, Jucker's youngsters (Paul Hogue was the only senior regular) began to jell as solidly as the team had the year before. An on-the-road loss to Bradley, which forced a league playoff, was the lone loss the rest of the

season. They beat Bradley in the playoff game and after two easy victories in the NCAA quarter-finals, Cincinnati was on its way to Louisville. There they were joined by UCLA, Wake Forest and, of all teams, Ohio State. The Buckeyes had had a decidedly easier trip.

Ohio State breezed past Wake Forest in the first semi-final and Cincinnati, drooling at the prospect of meeting the Buckeyes, almost looked too far ahead. UCLA gave the Bearcats a tough battle and only a 36-point performance by Hogue and a shot by Tom Thacker with three seconds remaining saved them, 72-70.

The next night Ohio's great center, Jerry Lucas, took the floor with his left leg taped from his thigh to

ONCE MORE, CINCINNATI HAS IT WHEN IT MATTERS MOST



earned one after the team beat Ohio State.

his ankle. Lucas had injured his knee the night before and though he said it didn't bother him, it became painfully obvious that it did.

But it also became apparent that not even an unhampered Lucas could have helped. Cincinnati had pulled away and midway through the second half led by 18 points. Paced by Hogue's 22 points and Thacker's 21, and holding Lucas to 11, the Bearcats could have easily doubled their 71-59 final margin.

Jubilant Cincinnati fans chanted, "We're No. 1! We're No. 1!" It took two years to convince the skeptics.

The fine all-around play of sophomore George Wilson (with ball right), was important in Cincinnati's NCAA-title drive.



Davis And Runnels Win Batting Titles

James Edward (Pete) Runnels knew he would spend an uneasy winter. After all, he won the American League batting championship in 1962. Nonsense? No, sir. Makes sense. The other time Pete Runnels won the American League batting title, he was rewarded with a seat on the bench.

That other time was 1960. Pete hit .320, the league high, and while doing it played second base and first base for the Boston Red Sox. During the winter Boston manager Mike Higgins said he hoped a rookie, Chuck Schilling, would be good enough to play second base for the Sox in 1961 and a veteran, Vic Wertz, would be healthy enough to play first base for the Sox in 1961. Nonsense? Maybe. But to Higgins

it made sense. In 1961 Runnels batted only 360 times and hit .317.

Higgins' rap against Runnels was that Pete was only an adequate fielder at either position and that his hitting produced mostly singles.

In 1962 Mike changed his mind. And in 1962 Pete Runnels won the batting title with a .326 average. His reward? He was traded to the Houston Colts.

In the National League the batters hit higher in 1962 and the batting champ was younger. Tommy Davis of the Los Angeles Dodgers, a 23-year-old, won the title with a .346 average. To win it, Davis had to battle himself. He ended the regular season as the batting leader, but stood to lose the title if he were to slump badly in the extra games

of the National League pennant playoff. And in the first two games of the pennant playoff, he slumped. He didn't get a hit. He came into the final playoff game only two points ahead of Frank Robinson, who had ended the regular season batting .342. But in the final game, Davis made two hits to win.

Davis' heroics in 1962 came as a surprise to many people. In two previous seasons with the Dodgers, he had batted .276 and .278. What turned him into the major-league leader in batting? The Dodgers insist it was a matter of getting him mad and mean at the plate. Davis insists it wasn't a matter of getting mean, simply a matter of finally playing regularly. Whatever the means, the end was a happy one.



Neither Tommy Davis of the Dodgers (at left) nor Pete Runnels, now of Houston (above), tries to swing for home runs. Still, Davis belted 27 homers last year and Pete hit ten. Their other hits turned out to be more important, however. They added up to a batting title for each man. Pete batted .326. Tommy hit .346.



In their April fight for the lightweight championship (above) Carlos Ortiz (right) beat Joe Brown with a stream of fast, smart boxing.

A NEW LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMP

Carlos Ortiz had a lifetime's work and unlimited opportunity at stake—and he wasn't about to become foolish. He was in the ring at Las Vegas, fighting for the world lightweight championship and he was ahead on points. He knew it. He knew, too, that the fans who were watching the fight weren't particularly happy. Carlos had been beating the lightweight champ—Joe Brown—by outboxing him. Carlos had been darting and dodging, jabbing and hooking. He'd been cutting up Brown, but carefully. The fans wanted to see some slugging.

Carlos thought about all this on this warm spring evening in 1962, but he also thought about something else. "When I was a kid," he was to say later, "I read about how Billy Conn had Joe Louis beaten, only

to get too cocky and get flattened. But not me. I told myself, 'Box and win.'"

It was a wise decision. Carlos realized that Brown, who'd been the lightweight champ since 1956, knew the ways of fistfighting.

Ortiz continued boxing, jabbing, moving. And Brown, at 36, lost the lightweight title. The referee and the two judges each gave Ortiz 74 points. Brown received 66, 60 and 54 points. Carlos Ortiz, at 25, was the lightweight champion.

It was for Ortiz fulfillment of a boyhood dream. Born in Puerto Rico on September 19, 1936, he moved to New York when he was nine years old and grew up amid the poverty of New York's lower East Side. He learned to fight out of necessity and love, and became quite good

at it. He was a champion in Police Athletic League competition and, at 17, went to England, where he won some amateur bouts. He returned to the United States, was Met AAU champ in 1953 and 1954 and turned pro in 1955. He began aiming, of course, for a title and for the money and glamour it would bring. It took time. He fought frequently. He fought well. He couldn't get a shot at the lightweight title though, so he settled, in 1959, for a shot at the junior welterweight title. He won it from Kenny Lane, and defended successfully twice. In 1960, he lost it to Duilio Loi of Milan. In 1961 he tried to regain it and again was beaten by Loi. But in 1962, the junior title was forgotten. Carlos finally got a chance at a senior title and became the new lightweight champ. **59**



HISTORY IN THE PGA

Gary Player, the Union of South Africa's sartorial answer to Zorro, no longer wears schizophrenic pants: one leg black, the other white. He now dresses entirely in black on the golf course "to conserve his strength." He does 70 pushups daily to build up the muscles in his 5-7, 150-pound body and he eats raisins, nuts, dried fruit and wheat germ to . . . er . . . satisfy his craving for raisins, nuts, dried fruit and wheat germ. But Gary Player also wins golf tournaments, and this year he became the first non-resident of the United States to win the Professional Golfers Association championship. The margin of difference between Player's \$13,000 win and Bob Goalby's \$6700 second-place money was one stroke.

After the first three rounds at the Aronimink (Pennsylvania) Golf Club, Player led George Bayer by three strokes, Goalby by four. Goalby shot a 67, Player a 70 and Bayer a 71 on the final round. Gary won on his putting. "My putting was most satisfactory," he said. He didn't three-putt until the seventh and eighth holes on the last round, then, realizing Goalby was rapidly gaining on him, Gary studied the greens with particular care. He birdied the 13th hole with a 40-footer. Gary hit into a trap on the 14th and into the rough on the 15th, yet one-putted both. With gallery pressure building at the 16th, Player's par putt rolled in, then he par-putted the 17th and 18th. All he could do then was wait for Goalby, who needed a birdie in one of the last two holes to tie. Bob missed a 25-foot putt by two feet on the 18th or there would have been a playoff.

Player, who in 1961 had become the first non-American ever to win the U.S. Open, made history again.

Player doesn't gamble or rage. "There's so much pressure," he said. "It doesn't take much to become a little screwy."



The excellent San Diego Charger team suffered at the gate in '62 after it lost many key players, like Jack Kemp, and games.

Onward AFL

The American Football League lost its \$10,800,000 law suit against the National Football League. However, midway through its third season of operations, the AFL finally appeared to have a survival potential. Before the 1962 season, five of the league's eight owners had announced they would at last emerge from the red sea this year. At the halfway mark at least some of them seemed to be: Boston, Buffalo, Denver and Houston.

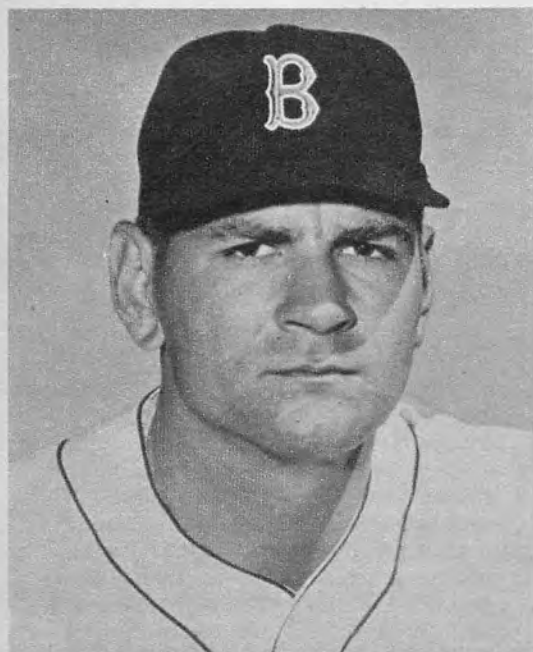
Boston, with Vito Parilli finally finding he alone was a club's quarterback, and Houston, with a several times injured Billy Cannon, found themselves tied for first place in the East. The interesting race obviously helped attendance.

This was also the case with Denver, which won four games in '60, three games in '61, then suddenly became the team to beat in the West in '62. A weak franchise became a very strong franchise by giving fans a reason to come out. Conversely, the for-two-years-a-winning-team San Diego Chargers began losing fans as they lost games in '62, despite a good pre-season advance sale.

The league's three weakest franchises—Oakland, Dallas and New York—all have strong NFL competition and they appeared to be gaining little headway. New York could be the key to the entire league's future, and Harry Wismer's Titans seemed destined to die. Of course, you wouldn't get this impression

from Harry, who has a very severe case of Yossarianitis. Now Yossarian is Joseph Heller's *Catch 22* protagonist who saw everything twice when he wanted to. Wismer saw everything thrice when he wanted to, which was every time the Titans played in the Polo Grounds and Harry was counting the spectators. Thus Wismer Yossarianed crowds (?) of 3000 into 9000 for his "official" attendance. He had a little problem doing this with the receipts.

But the point was that the AFL needs a team in New York—the world's communications center—to make it. Which is why no one in the AFL was unhappy when Wismer appeared on his way out as Titans owner.



It was a great season for newcomers in the American League. Rich Rollins (above) batted .299 for the Minnesota Twins, started for the American League All-Star team at third base. Tom Tresh (right) was rookie of the year, batting .286 with 20 home runs while playing two positions for the Yankees. Dick Radatz compiled an amazing relief record for the Red Sox.



NEW STARS OF '62

Expansion probably had something to do with it, but 1962 was a big year for rookies in the major leagues—especially the American League. Just about every team had a first-year man in the starting lineup, and some that had more than one surprised in the standings.

The Minnesota Twins and Los Angeles were two good examples. Half the second-place Twins' infield was rookie—or near rookie—as Bernie Allen starred at second base and Rich Rollins at third. Rollins barely failed to qualify as a rookie because he spent almost half a season on the bench in 1961. Allen, an ex-Purdue quarterback, was rookie all the way. After taking a \$50,000 bonus from Minnesota, Bernie played in only 80 professional games in '61, with Charlotte, North Carolina, of the Sally League. Allen made such an impressive showing in spring training that he not only made the team but drove Billy Martin right out of baseball. In the field, Bernie displayed a strong throwing arm and excellent range. A left-

handed hitter in the predominantly righthanded lineup of the Twins, Allen flashed power and hitting consistency. He ended up with a .269 batting average, 12 home runs and 64 runs-batted-in.

Allen's sidekick, Rich Rollins, a 24-year-old redhead who made the American League All-Star starting lineup at third base (he got more votes than any American Leaguer, including Mickey Mantle) ended up with a .299 batting average. He hit 16 home runs, drove in 96 runs.

For the Angels, it was a battery that helped power the club to its surprising third-place finish. Bob Rodgers the catcher, Dean Chance the pitcher. The 6-2, 195-pound Rodgers was an iron man for the Angels, catching 155 games. He batted only .258 but drove in 61 runs. Chance, only 21, won 14 games, lost ten and had a 2.96 earned-run average. Another new Angel was the most swashbuckling new star of all: Bo Belinsky.

There were other good-looking new stars in the American League—

Manny Jiminez of Kansas City, who batted .301, Al Luplow of Cleveland, a .277 hitter, and Dick Radatz of the Red Sox, the league's relief king. Radatz appeared in 62 games while compiling a 2.33 ERA.

But the best rookie of them all in 1962 was Tom Tresh of the Yankees. Not only did Tom hit .286, drive in 93 runs and smash 20 home runs, but he also held down two key positions. The switch-hitting Tresh played shortstop for the Yankees while Tony Kubek was in the Army, and when Kubek returned, Tresh moved to left field.

National League rookie-of-the-year Ken Hubbs of the Chicago Cubs earned the designation mostly with his fielding at second base.

Other good National League newcomers included Donn Clendenon, who played a lot of first base for the Pirates and hit .302 in 80 games, outfielder Ted Savage of the Phillies, pitcher Al Jackson of the Mets, who lost 20 games but was still the Mets best pitcher, and Ray Washburn, Card pitcher, who had a 12-9 season.

Rookie Ken Hubbs made big news in the National League not so much with his bat (he hit .260) but at second base. He went through 78 straight games, 418 chances, without committing an error, thus breaking the old record for second-basemen set in 1948 by Bobby Doerr of the Boston Red Sox. Other top National League newcomers included Pittsburgh first-baseman Donn Clendenon, pitcher Ray Washburn of the St. Louis Cards.





A great pair of New Zealanders, these two. The man on the right, Arthur Lydiard predicts records, and Peter Snell (left) runs them.

A Pair Of Records For Peter Snell

It's 10 miles from Runciman to Pukekohe and the young man ran it every night after work. He grew up in Opunake. To complete his tour of fairy-tale sounding cities, he became famous in Wanganui.

Many of the sportsminded citizens in New Zealand—where these places exist—thought that the young man's coach, Arthur Lydiard, was telling a fairy-tale, too, when he predicted his protege would become the greatest runner the little island

produced, and one of the world's best. The young man—Peter Snell—had been impressive when winning the Olympic 800-meter run as a 21-year-old, but hardly appeared to have the potential for such acclaim.

Then one day in late January (when New Zealand enjoys its summer version of our north-of-the-equator June), Snell raced four laps around Wanganui's track for a world mile record of 3:54.4. One week later he broke (in one race) the

world's 880-yard and 800-meter records. No runner came close to matching Snell's clockings.

Next on Lydiard's agenda for Snell is a 3:48 mile.

Snell is an oddity in distance running. He set his records at age 23—which should be too young. He's over 170 pounds—which should be too heavy, especially for a 5-10½ frame. "But a strong big man will always beat a strong little man," says Lydiard. And Snell did.

DON CARTER, BOWLER OF THE YEAR

The year 1962 was just like almost any other in bowling—Don Carter was boss.

For the sixth time since 1953, Carter was given the "Bowler of the Year" award by the Bowling Writers of America. That's the same as Mickey Mantle being baseball's MVP or Paul Hornung winning the scoring crown that often—and neither has. Like Mantle and Hornung, Carter is in the \$100,000-plus class in yearly earnings.

Few athletes are, or have been, in the financial bracket which Carter has entered. To get there, he has won the All-Star tournament five times and the World Invitational four of its first five meets. No one is close to matching Don's 206 lifetime average in All-Star competition.

And he should stay on top for quite a while longer, he says at age 37, his 25th year of bowling. "As long as I can keep winning and make good money," he adds, "I can't even think about taking it easy."

Carter has two great assets: (1) his ability, and (2) the fact that, as one bowler put it, "he beats you psychologically just because of that ability." But the talents don't anger the opposition—it likes having Don around. It has been Carter, more than any single bowler, who made the sport "big-time." Since he took over the No. 1 spot as many as 20,000,000 have watched a single tournament on television.

The pro bowlers recognized this by electing Don to head their association for 1962; they elected their dictator to be their president.



Still the best at age 37, Don Carter (right) continues to dominate the game at a pace greater than any bowler in history.



Ward made the triumphant circle of the "500" track flanked by his sons Rodger Jr. (wiping dirt off his father's face) and David.

Rodger Ward Wins The "500"

In the garage after the 1962 Indianapolis "500," Eddie Sachs sat on a stool, his nose sunburned, his face track-grimed, and said, "Rodger Ward has got to be the greatest race driver that ever lived. Look at his record: four straight races and finished them all, 2000 miles and still on the track. Nobody has ever done that here."

Rodger Ward won the "500" in 1959; he finished second in '60; he finished third in '61; he finished first in a field of 33 in '62. He averaged 140.292 miles an hour in his Leader Card Special to surpass A. J. Foyt's

record of 139.130 set in 1961.

It was an exciting race in the early stages. Speedster Parnelli Jones blew into the lead for the first 59 laps, averaging over 146 miles an hour. Foyt and Ward could do nothing more than keep him in sight at that pace. Jones lost the lead for a few laps during a pit stop, then regained it through the 125th lap. But then Jones lost his brakes and some 20 seconds to Ward by entering the pit and finding his crew wasn't ready. Ward's crew excelled. Teammate Len Sutton took the lead from the 161st through 169th laps,

then Ward took over for good.

Eddie Sachs, who'd missed winning in '61 by only six seconds, had said before this one: "If I win I'll never drive another race car the rest of my life—I won't even warm one up." He came from 27th to third behind Ward. He'll have to try again.

For Ward, 41 and a long-time racer, who would be injured seriously in a crack-up a few months later, there was no thought of retirement. As he rolled into the victory lane he said, "It sure is a pleasure to be back here."

THE LIGHTER (AND ODDER) SIDE OF THE GAME

The 1962 baseball season was one in which:

Self-proclaimed unbeatable foot-racer Pete Ramos of Cleveland lost a race to teammate Mudcat Grant, who then lost to rookie Yancey Grant (for \$2).

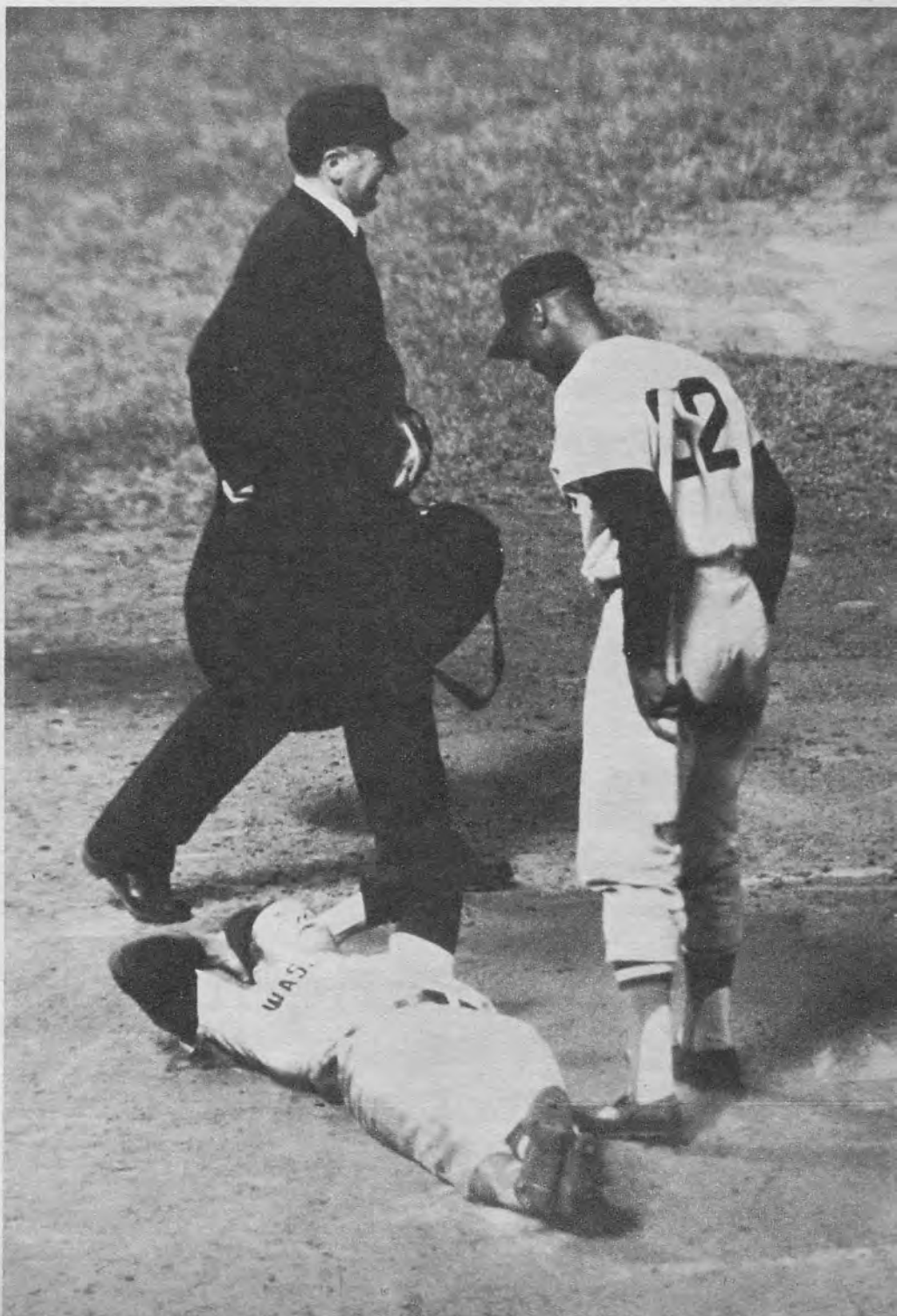
Frank Howard dropped his 6-7, 245-pound body into a seat on the team bus in mid-season and Larry Sherry kicked him in the shins. "Aw, c'mon, Larry," Frank said. Then Ron Fairly grabbed Frank in a headlock and squeezed. "Ugle, c'mon, Norm," said Frank. He finally got angry and yelled, "That's enough. Any more of this and I'm gonna fill this place with uppercuts." No Dodger kicked him again until the next day.

The Houston Colt .45s called in Kid Dugan to turn his Slobotkee Stare and Ben Finkle to turn his Evil Eye on the Phillies after Philadelphia had beaten Houston 15 straight games. The occult-proof Phillies won again.

Bo Belinsky became the first major leaguer to squelch his own trade by talking, after Kansas City owner Charley Finley had also let the word out.

The Milwaukee Braves sold their Labor Day seats to a chain store for 39 cents a ticket.

Jimmy Piersall entertained fans by leading the singing of the National Anthem, leading a congo line down the third-base line after a grand slam home run, breaking into a Twist off first base when the park organist provided proper accompaniment and poured sand into Vic Power's back pocket after Power had restrained his lead by grabbing the Senator outfielder's belt. Jim knew Vic kept his chewing tobacco in that back pocket.



Jimmy Piersall, in his constant drive to bring fun back into dull games, made a dust-flying slide, took a nap at home.



The Schedule Stirs A Storm

The gentleman at the left has in his power the right to dictate many terms of baseball. He is Ford Frick, Commissioner of Baseball, and he has chosen on many occasions to exercise his power. In 1961, for example, he ruled that an asterisk would be placed next to Roger Maris' record of 61 home runs in a season. But in 1962, he had little to say on a much more important matter: the major-league schedule.

Still, for all Frick's silence and semi-stands on the issue, the major-league schedule triggered considerable controversy. And the Commissioner, though reluctant to act, at least listened. And he heard a lot. He heard the complaints of big-league ballplayers all around the country, the complaints of the players who had grown weary of the crazy-quilt coast-to-coast traveling involved in playing 162 games in a season (the Giants and Dodgers, so help us Willie Mays who ended up exhausted in a hospital, played 165).

A typical trip (well a grueling one that makes the point anyway) found the New York Mets leaving Milwaukee late after a doubleheader, flying to Houston and arriving at eight a.m. before a day game. The Mets ended the Houston series with a night game, flew to Los Angeles and arrived at dawn. They left Los Angeles after a night game, arrived in San Francisco at four a.m. and reported to the ball park at 10:30 a.m. Then they flew home—all-night—for a series in New York.

Another aspect of the crazy schedule had the New York Yankees playing in Cleveland on June 17 and not there again until September 12.

Many solutions were suggested. The most reasonable, people seemed to think, were plans for cutting down the schedule. But they involved cutting down the money the owners pocketed from games. The owners promised, though, to talk about it at the winter baseball meetings, which would be watched with interest by the weary travelers and presided over by Mr. Frick.

ALL-AMERICA TEAM: THE YEAR OF THE TALL MAN

TERRY DISCHINGER ▼

Confucius and consensus may sound somewhat alike, but don't ever confuse them. Confucius was a Chinese philosopher of old, known for his reasonable and wise sayings. Consensus (defined as "a general agreement on matters of opinion") can ultimately appear unreasonable.

Case in point: The All-America basketball team for the season ending in the spring of 1962.

The consensus All-America team (the five players who appeared on more All-America teams than any other five) was composed of Jerry Lucas, Billy McGill, Terry Dischinger, Chet Walker and Len Chappell. Any team in pro basketball would be delighted to have picked all five at the annual draft. But not together. Not without any help. Take all five, take these five fine players, these consensus All-Americans, place them on a court as a unit and consider one simple question: Who in the name of James Naismith is going to play backcourt?

Lucas? He's 6-7½ and has played the pivot or corner all his life. Walker? He's 6-7 and has played the pivot or corner all his life. McGill? He's 6-9 and can't even play the corner (a pivot man and only a pivot man), the NBA team that drafted him—the Chicago Zephyrs—sadly discovered. Chappell? Pivot-man, cornerman, 6-8. Dischinger? Well, maybe. He's a versatile athlete with a good shooting touch anywhere on the court and good grace and moves. But, at 6-7, he's never played backcourt.

A dilemma. But still, these five players were the finest in the country last season. And each, on his merits, deserved recognition. Consider the performance of each:

Lucas: 609 points scored.

McGill: 1009 points.

Dischinger: 726.

Chappell: 932.

Walker: 687.

Rebounds? Each man, of course, excelled. Did you expect these five talented tall men not to excel under the boards?



CHET WALKER



LEN CHAPPELL

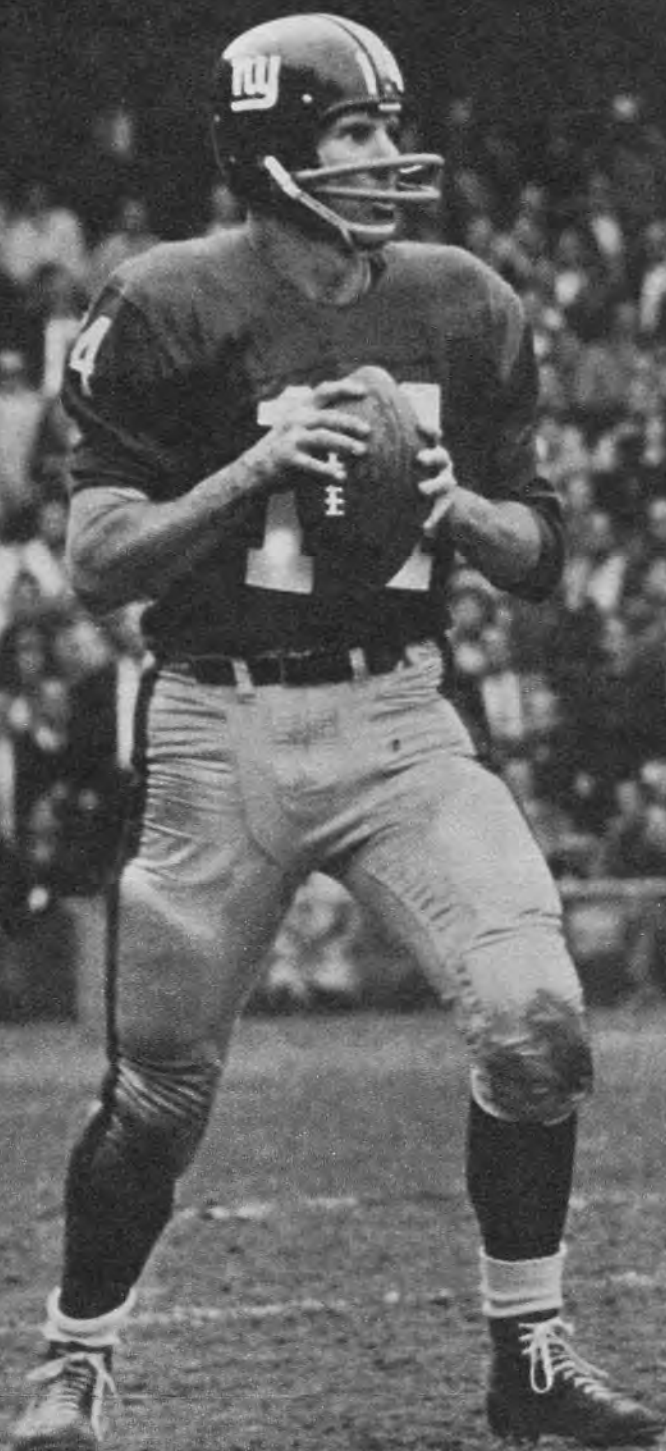


JERRY LUCAS

BILLY MCGILL ▼



Old Quarterbacks, New Glory



The year 1962 will go in history as a bad year for Medicare. As if the President didn't have enough trouble fretting about it with the political statesmen in Washington, such elder football statesmen as Y.A. Tittle, Eddie LeBaron and Bobby Layne showed that some old men don't need help at all.

The trio, which represents a total of 35 years of quarterbacking in the tough National Football League, should have had enough limp arms and lead-laden legs to need a special act of Congress to help them.

The best of the potential pensioners was Tittle. Y.A., ever balding at age 35 (11 years in the NFL), seems to have caught his second breath with the New York Giants after many years of frustration in San Francisco. In his younger days he had thrown as many as 50 passes in a pro game, pegged six scoring passes in the post-season Hula Bowl contest. But on October 28, those feats became second bests.

It was then that a proud group from Washington—Redskins, not social security people—marched into New York with a first-place team to investigate the old man, embarrass him a bit. Y.A. had different plans: he threw seven touchdown passes to tie an NFL record. Altogether, he completed 27 of 39 for an awesome 505 yards.

LeBaron, a ten-year veteran at 32, had been the little man (he's 5-7 tall) people felt sorry for during his years with the poor Washington teams. There were those who felt *more* sorry for him when he was acquired by Dallas. However, he became a central figure in making the Cowboys a contender. For much of '62, Eddie led NFL passers.

Layne wasn't as superb as the other "two old men" but every time he re-shuffled the elbow chips in his throwing arm, he set at least one record of some sort. He padded his lifetime marks for passes attempted, completions, and yards gained by passing. But his finest moment was on September 23 when his first touchdown pass gave him the all-time lead for scoring passes.

Layne's age has been questioned (his roommate, Ernie Stautner insists Bobby is 72 at least), but it doesn't matter, because 1962 was a year when older quarterbacks got younger anyway.

Y.A. Tittle, one of the NFL quarterbacks who improves with age, calmly looks downfield to find Giant pass receivers.



Jim Beatty (right), was congratulated by teammate Laszlo Tabori after running a sub-four-minute mile at Modesto, California.

JIM BEATTY PROVES A POINT

Don't telephone Jim Beatty between 6 and 8 o'clock in the morning because he's not home. Don't call between supper time and 8:30 in the evening, either. Those are the times when he's practicing to become the world's best miler.

Americans, it has been said, can't be great distance runners because they won't pound their legs into the hard track surfaces morning and night, before and after a full day's work. Well, Jim Beatty's relatives learned differently in mid-February of 1962. They found out that you can't even call to congratulate him early in the morning *after* he sets a world record. Again, Jim was out

at practice, merely ten hours after he had become the first man to run a sub-four-minute mile indoors.

Beatty, at 27, is a late-comer to track fame compared to most Americans. But he has utilized the past three years while training under the dedicated force of Mihaly Igloi.

Jim was a failure in his Olympic hopes back in '56 and retired shortly thereafter. He didn't decide on a comeback until '59 after watching the mediocre distance running in that year's American-Russian meet. He eagerly rushed to California to meet Igloi and begin training.

By 1960 he made the U.S. Olympic team and in '61 he moved near the

top. In '62 he was there.

Beatty had hardly time to review his indoor mile record race before Igloi predicted a world outdoor two-mile mark. Igloi seemingly was making a rash prediction for an American. But Jim performed the feat within four months with a fantastic 8:29.8.

Before the season was over, he also established American bests in the outdoor mile (3:56.3), 1500 meters, and 5000 meters.

Igloi had another plan for Beatty, too, last season. He brashly forecasted an outdoor mile record for Jim. "If Igloi tells me to run a world record, I run it," says Jim. **71**

Comedowns And Comebacks

The Yankees had perhaps more comedowns as a team than any other in baseball last season. Roger Maris was razed for batting only .269 in '61 when he hit 61 home runs and drove in 142 runs. In '62 he batted .256, hit 33 home runs and drove in 100. And what a difference a year made to Elston Howard's batting average: .348 to .279. Looie Arroyo went from 15 wins to a sore arm in one year. Still the Yankees won the pennant.

Ironically, New York fired a man who likely would have won the pennant for them by 20 games—Robin Roberts. The ex-Phillie, who won only one game and lost ten on a 5.85 ERA in '61, was picked up by the Yankees over the winter and released a month after the season started. Ralph Houk never used him in a game. So Roberts asked for a tryout with Baltimore, was signed a few days later and pitched tremendously. His 9-8 record could well have been 14-3 with better

support. Five of his losses were by scores of 2-1, 3-0, 3-1 (twice) and 3-2. His earned-run average was 2.68, third among American League pitchers who worked at least 162 innings. He was named the league's comeback player of the year in a baseball writer's poll conducted by the *Sporting News* (the publication a Mohammedan once quaintly called the Koran of baseball).

Stan Musial was voted National League comebacker of the year. It seems strange to think of Musial coming back; he's been in the league so long. But The Man who had been a super-star with the Cardinals from 1941 through 1958—seven times leading the league in hitting—batted .255, .275 and .288 in 1959, '60 and '61. In 135 games last year Stan batted .330, hit 19 home runs and drove in 82 runs. A couple of weeks after the season ended, Musial, 42, started getting in shape for 1963.

Harvey Kuenn of the Giants came back from a .265 average to .304,

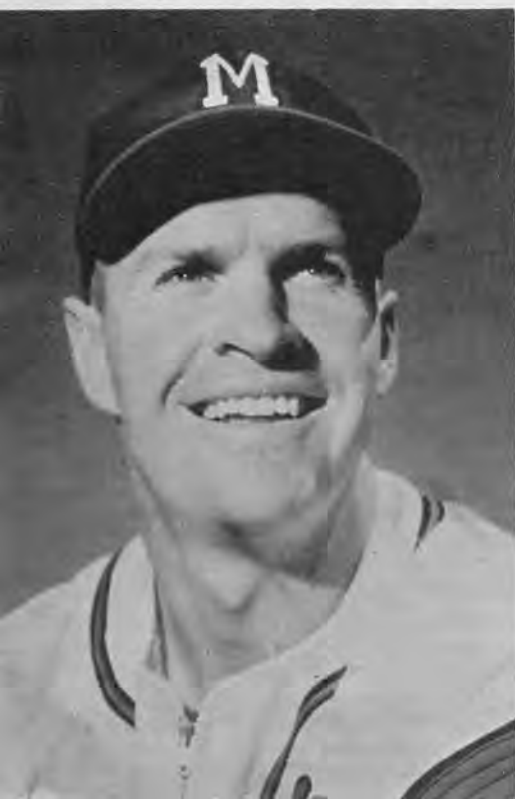
while Vada Pinson of the Reds came down from a .343 to .292. Other NL comedowners were Dick Stuart of Pittsburgh (.301, 35 home runs, 117 RBI to .228, 16 home runs, 64 RBI), Eddie Mathews of Milwaukee (.306 to .265) and Wally Moon of Los Angeles (.328 to .242). Pitching comedowns included Stu Miller (14-5, 2.66 ERA to 5-8, 4.12 ERA) and Mike McCormick (13-16, 3.20 ERA to 5-5, 5.36 ERA) of the Giants.

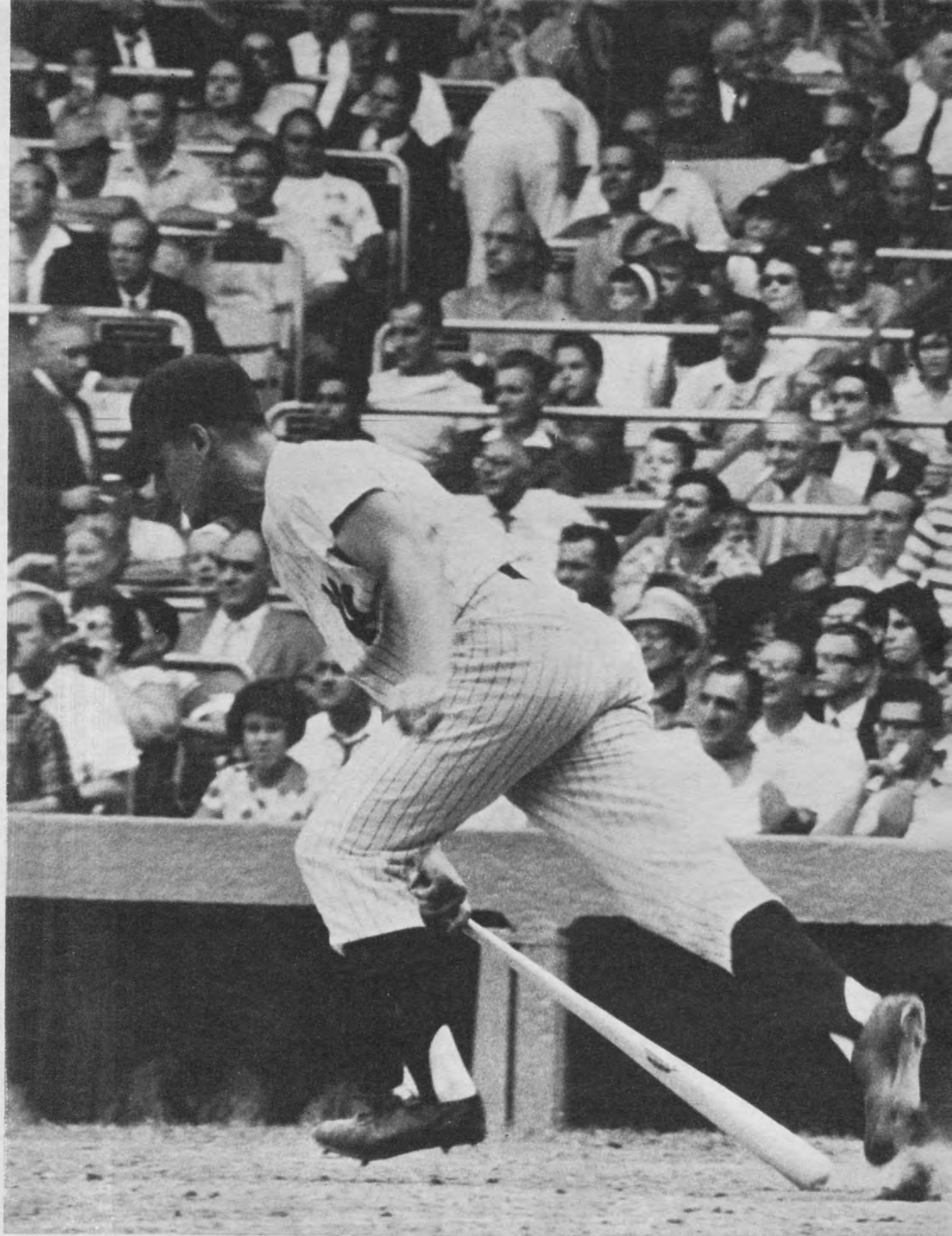
AL batting comedowners included Norm Cash of Detroit (.361 to .243), Jim Piersall of Washington (.322 to .244) and Jim Gentile of Baltimore (.302, 46 home runs and 141 RBI to .251, 33 home runs and 87 RBI). Pitchers who came down were Don Mossi and Fank Lary of Detroit, Juan Pizarro of Chicago, Bennie Daniels of Washington and Don Schwall of Boston. Dick Donovan of Cleveland had a 20-10 record with a 3.59 ERA, which may or may not be a "comeback" from a 10-10, league-leading, 2.40 ERA, of 1961.

Del Crandall, for years a top catcher, was out most of '61 with a dead arm. In '62 he batted .297.

Robin Roberts, discarded by New York early in '62, won nine games for Baltimore with a 2.68 ERA.

Norm Cash, the American League batting champion in '61 (.361 average) batted only .243 in 1962.





Roger Maris was criticized when he hit 61 in '61 with a lowly .269 batting average. He showed 'em in '62, hitting .256 and 33 homers.



CASEY STENGEL AND THE AMAZING METS

In New York's Polo Grounds, where the Mets performed wondrously in their inaugural season of 1962, it was a big year for hope, faith and charity. Mrs. Joan Payson (the team owner) and her trusted lieutenants never lost hope, the fans flocked faithfully and the Mets displayed some of the greatest acts of charity since Andrew Carnegie.

From their season-opener (which they lost on two wild pitches) to their season-closer (which they lost with the aid of a Chicago triple play), and through 118 other defeats, the Mets glowed with Christmas spirit. And like the Wise Men, the Mets came bearing gifts. They sponsored an "appreciation night" for Stan Musial, who in turn hit three homers against them in a game.

Chances are the Mets would have been less generous to their competition if the National League owners had been less miserly in making players available.

"When you buy a tail-end team, something is left," said manager Casey Stengel, whose box-office and public relations value was worth many times his salary. "With the players we got, the first thing we had to ask ourselves was why did they let go of these players. The ones who didn't do good, you know why."

It also has been argued, however, that the Met front office hurt itself with shortsightedness. Instead of concentrating on youngsters with potential, the club stocked the pin-striped flannels with downhill metropolitan New York favorites like Don Zimmer, Gus Bell, Gil Hodges and Charley Neal.

Contrary to the customary clowning of Stengel, it wasn't a pleasant season for the man who had gotten out of the losing habit. "It was saddening and shocking," he said. "Imagine 40 games! I won what I used to lose (with the Yanks)."

It was, truly, an amazing year for the losingest team in baseball history.

A Rebel Sets Off A Rebellion

If you've got a reputation, you may as well live up to it," a man once said. Manuel Ycaza, the hot-blooded Panamanian jockey, has a dual reputation which he solidly confirmed last year. Known as a brilliant rider, but also as a fellow who stirrups trouble, Manny had a large number of winning mounts and an unusual number of scrapes.

In the 86th running of the Preakness at Pimlico, Ycaza (on Ridan) and mild-mannered Johnny Rotz (on Greek Money) moved ahead of the field at the stretch turn. The lead

switched three times and at the 70-yard pole they were dead-heated. It was at this point that Ycaza, who lost, claimed that Greek Money moved out and bumped him.

Ycaza's charge, as films proved, was unmatched for sheer gall. The camera showed Manny's elbow had jabbed Rotz. Ycaza was grounded ten days.

The penalty, as stiff as it seemed at the time, was negligible compared to the one slapped on Ycaza three and one-half months later by the Illinois Racing Board. The officials,

irritated by Manuel's frequent complaints, set him down 60 days (one-fifth of the riding year) for "frivolously" claiming that Rex Ellsworth's three-horse entry had ganged up on him and his mount, Never Bend, in the \$357,250 Arlington-Washington Futurity.

For once, Ycaza received plenty of sympathy from his riding brethren. They said if it can happen to him, it can happen to them. But like the boy who cried wolf, Ycaza long ago had yelled himself out of the benefit of doubt.

It was another stormy year for Manuel Ycaza (aboard No. 8 below). He was grounded twice for making "frivolous" foul claims.



THE TOP PERFORMERS ON THE GALS' TOUR



Two years ago Betsy Rawls said of her friend Mickey Wright: "I'm sure she's going to become the greatest woman player we ever had." At the time, Mickey—who's real first name is Mary Kathryn—could hit a golf ball farther than Babe Zaharias ever did and Mickey also had the near-perfect swing to go with it.

Since then, she's been benefiting from experience and is at the point where she must be called the world's best at present. Before Mickey started winning, only Betsy had won as many as ten tournaments on the ladies' professional tour. Mickey did that in both of the last two years.

Miss Wright, a transplanted Californian (San Diego) now living in Texas (Dallas), is just 27 years old but the top money winner on the tour for the second year in a row. She earned over \$20,000 in 1962 tournaments. Mickey was just eighth in the Ladies Professional Golfers Association tourney, but won the Western Open and Titleholders. At one point she won four tourneys in succession.

Other lady golf stars for 1962 were two upset specialists and a young girl who may be a star of the future.

Judy Kimball was the surprise winner in an excellent Ladies PGA field while (Mrs.) Murle Lindstrom likewise stunned the competition in the Women's National Open. Joanne Gunderson, a newcomer, won the U.S. Women's Amateur.

That winning smile is displayed by Mickey Wright who's destined to show her dimples for years. She won 10 tourneys in '62.



The "father" of baseball's farm system is back—bifocals, bow tie, cigar and all. Branch Rickey's return to baseball was welcomed.

Branch Rickey's Return

When Branch Rickey got his first administrative post in baseball it was after a vigorous campaign conducted by the Mahatma himself over 50 years ago. Rickey pestered a college athletic director for a coaching job by having respected people send bushels of letters of recommendation—spaced in such a way that the prospective employer would receive a handful of letters per day for quite a while.

Rickey has a new job now—one in which *he was sought out* for his keen baseball knowledge. But he's taking the position of special consultant with the St. Louis Cardinals with the same vigor at age 80 that he had for his first job.

The return to St. Louis, a team

which had fired him 20 years ago after he had molded it into a victory machine, was with fanfare, of course. But there were some critics who thought Rickey was being hired on a part-time basis. He wasted no time destroying that theory.

During a lengthy interview, the contemporary "Grand Old Man" was asked when his work would begin. His answer: "As soon as you reporters leave this room."

Despite his years, he went to Florida to look at Cardinal youngsters. And despite his years, he made it a point to let people know he was looking to the future.

"There aren't enough good players in this league available in trades," he said. "This club cannot

be traded into a pennant." He was talking in terms of a contender in '64 and a winner in '65. From the bottom up, Rickey had built the old Cardinal powerhouse which ruled through the 1930s and early 1940s.

Rickey, possibly the game's greatest innovator, still has plans for baseball. His two main ones are (1) rid the game of the bonus payments to signees and (2) adoption of a third major league.

On the day he signed, he said, "I'm as old as I feel and sometimes I feel pretty old. Sometimes I feel 80 and sometimes 40, and this morning I feel 40." Then he tried to get the Cardinals to retire Stan Musial, who is too old (42), Rickey said, to be playing baseball regularly.

THE INJURIES PILE UP



The Dodgers lost a pennant and Sandy Koufax a probable strikeout record when the lefthander (above) suffered a strange circulatory disorder in his pitching hand. Al Kaline made the catch of Elston Howard's sinking liner (right), but the Detroit outfielder's heroics cost him a broken collarbone, killing the Tiger title hopes.

The saddest of words, a poet once wrote, are "what might have been." Major-league managers sang those plaintive lyrics often during 1962 in one of the most casualty-ridden seasons in recent baseball history. Aside from sheer numbers, the injury list included top stars.

Perhaps the most costly single loss was sustained by the Dodgers when Sandy Koufax' forefinger on his pitching hand began going numb in July. Headed for his greatest season in his sometimes-erratic career, Sandy seemed certain to set a one-year strikeout record before a mysterious circulatory ailment struck.

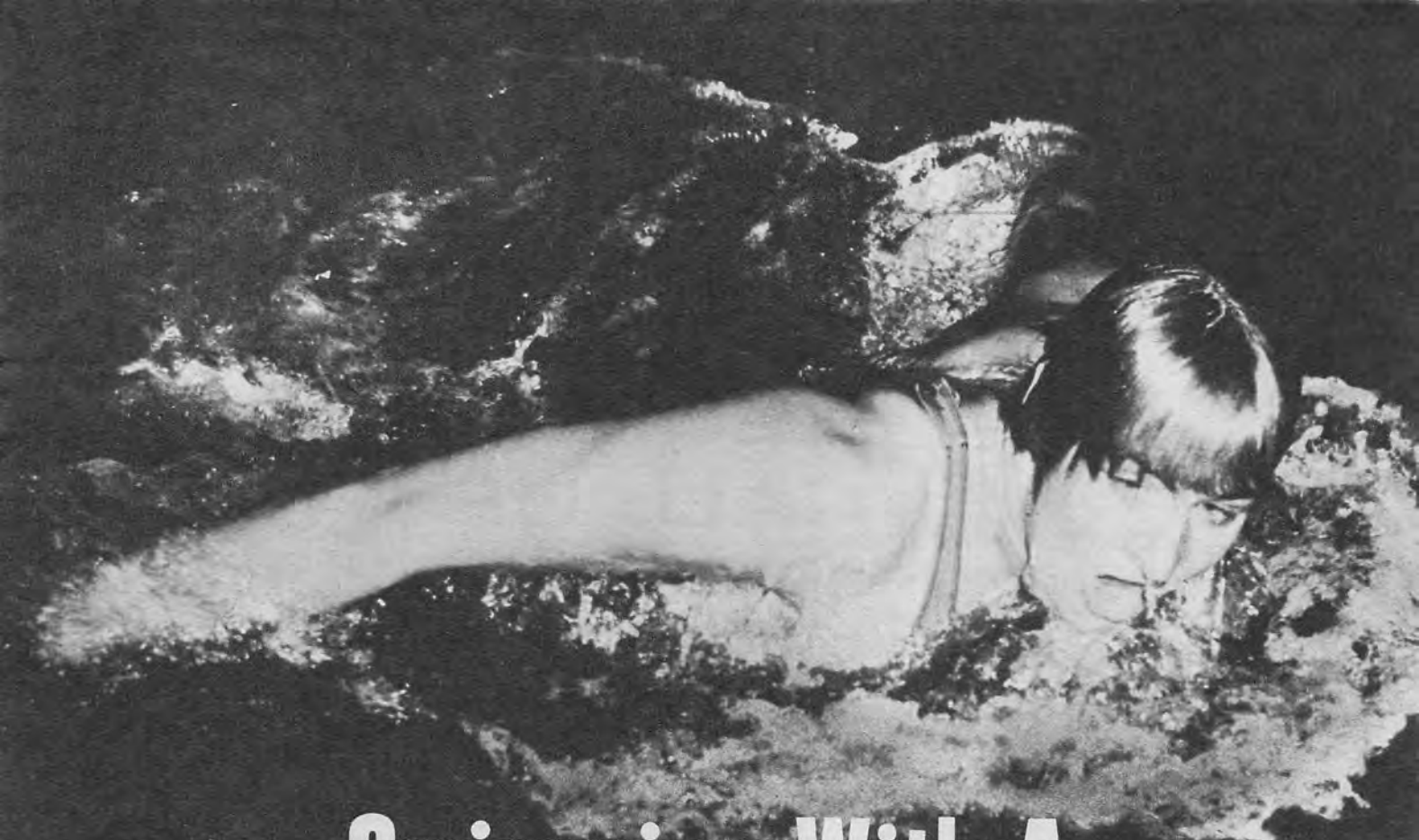
Detroit was expected to be the Yankees' closest competition, as it was in 1961, but with the early-season losses of Al Kaline and Frank Lary came the Tigers' inevitable decline. Kaline was off to his best

season ever, including 1955 when he won the American League batting title. Hitting for power and maintaining a lofty average, Al was sidelined for two months when he fractured his collarbone making a diving catch. Equally damaging to the Tigers was the season-long sore shoulder of Lary.

The Yankees, themselves, had trouble, losing Mickey Mantle for more than a month and Whitey Ford for a while.

Defending NL champion Cincinnati was dealt a vital blow when third-baseman Gene Freese fractured an ankle in spring training. Honors for most injuries were won by St. Louis' Minnie Minoso who missed nearly four months with a pulled muscle, fractured skull, broken wrist, broken arm, a beaming. And you think you've got troubles?





Swimming With A Record-Breaking Splash

Dawn Fraser, 25 (above), is a versatile Olympic champ who broke the one-minute barrier in the 100-meter freestyle in 1962.

Youngsters have so thoroughly dominated international swimming in recent years you couldn't help thinking that anyone old enough to vote might as well remain in drydock. In the United States last year the kids still continued to rule, but two comparative oldtimers from Australia served notice that they're hardly ready to retire. Not, at least, while they can set world records.

Twenty-five-year-old Dawn Fraser, the first woman to twice win the Olympic 100-meter freestyle (1956, 1960), proved conclusively that it will take more than submarine-fast child prodigies to prevent her from winning gold medal No. 3. Though suffering from the after-effects of bronchitis, the tall blonde lowered her world-record time for 100 meters and 110 yards to 1:00. Women swimmers had considered the 60-second swim as much a barrier as male runners had the

four-minute mile. Then, just four nights later, Dawn knocked another tenth-second off her time in the Empire Games trials. "I am thrilled to have done it at last," she said. "But now I want to swim faster because I think I can."

Another Australian, 23-year-old Murray Rose, has gold medals from the last two Olympics and he too has improved with age. Rose set a 400-meter freestyle world record of 4:13.6 in the United States' Men's Championships. And in the earlier AAU meet last summer, the Southern California senior established an American record in the 1500-meter freestyle (17:16.7). "If he can maintain his present level of performance," says Yale coach Bob Kiphuth, "Murray could become the greatest swimmer of all time."

Indiana University's multitude of champions, swimming for the Indianapolis Athletic Club in the out-

door AAU meet, added further proof to their claim as the greatest collegiate swim team in history. Coach James (Doc) Counsilman's boys broke four of the six world records that fell in the meet. Tom Stock set records in the 100- and 200-meter backstrokes; Ted Stickles, who swims the medley because one or two strokes bores him, set a world mark in the 400-meter individual medley; and the IAC's "B" 400-medley relay team, composed of Stock, Chet Jastremski, Fred Schmidt and Pete Sintz, established still another record. Though Jastremski didn't lower his own records in the breakstroke, he was named the meet's outstanding swimmer.

Other young American world record-holders of 1962: Carolyn House, 17, middle- and long-distance freestyle; Sharon Finneran, 16, butterfly and individual medley; Carl Robie, 17, butterfly.



JACKIE ROBINSON



BOB FELLER

ROBINSON AND FELLER ELECTED TO THE HALL OF FAME

The last time anyone had been voted into baseball's Hall of Fame was in 1956 when Joe Cronin and Hank Greenberg were selected. But everyone was predicting that early in 1962, one or maybe two ex-ballplayers would make it. Under the rules laid down by the Baseball Writers Association of America, a player becomes eligible for the Hall of Fame five years after his retirement from the game. Thus the selectors, who vote every two years on candidates, had some fresh names to choose from—men who had retired in 1956. There was Phil Rizzuto, the Yankees' classy shortstop of the 1940s and '50s. There was Bob Feller, the great Indians' pitcher, and Jackie Robinson, flaming Brooklyn Dodgers' competitor.

Under the rules of the voting, the writers must give a player 75 percent of the total vote cast in order for that player to make the Hall of Fame. If no player gets the necessary 75 percent, the top 30 are thrown into a runoff. No runoff was required in 1962.

There were 160 votes cast in the biannual election. One hundred and twenty were required for election. On January 24, 1962, the results were announced. Bob Feller had received 150 votes, missing on only ten ballots. Jackie Robinson had received 124 votes, four above the required figure. Feller and Robinson joined the 86 other former stars already enshrined in the Hall of Fame. They were deserving choices.

Feller, in his baseball lifetime, with the Cleveland Indians, pitched in 570 games, spanning 18 seasons. He won 266 games, pitched three no-hitters, 11 one-hitters. He once struck out 18 men in a nine-inning major-league game, a record which still hasn't been broken.

Robinson was a fiery competitor

for the Dodgers for ten years. During his decade, the Dodgers won six pennants. Jackie played first, second, third, and left field. He led the National League in batting in 1949, his third year in the majors. He had a lifetime .311 batting average. He was a daring, brilliant base-runner. He was, of course, also the first Negro to play in Organized Baseball. But Jackie had earned a place in the Hall of Fame on his merits as a ballplayer, not on his efforts as a pioneer for his race.

On the morning of July 23, the street fronting the baseball Hall of Fame and museum at Cooperstown, was jammed with people. Gay bunting decorated the streets. A platform had been set up on the porch of the museum. Commissioner Ford Frick made a short speech, and then the newest Hall of Fame members were inducted.

Bob Feller was relaxed, but he was also deeply moved by the occasion. "I thank you all," Feller said, "especially the baseball men present here today, who not only have taken out of baseball but who also have put much more into it."

Jackie Robinson was serious. "What a thrill it is to be inducted into the Hall of Fame," he said, "especially along with Bob Feller, Edd Roush and Billy McKechnie (old-timer players selected by a special committee of the baseball writers). I never thought I'd make it in my lifetime, especially the first time around. Today everything is complete. I could not be here without the advice and guidance of three of the most wonderful people I know—my adviser, a wonderful friend and a man who has treated me as a father, Branch Rickey; my mother and my wife." Those three people, sitting on the platform, looked up at Jackie and beamed.



Ever see a kid with a new toy?

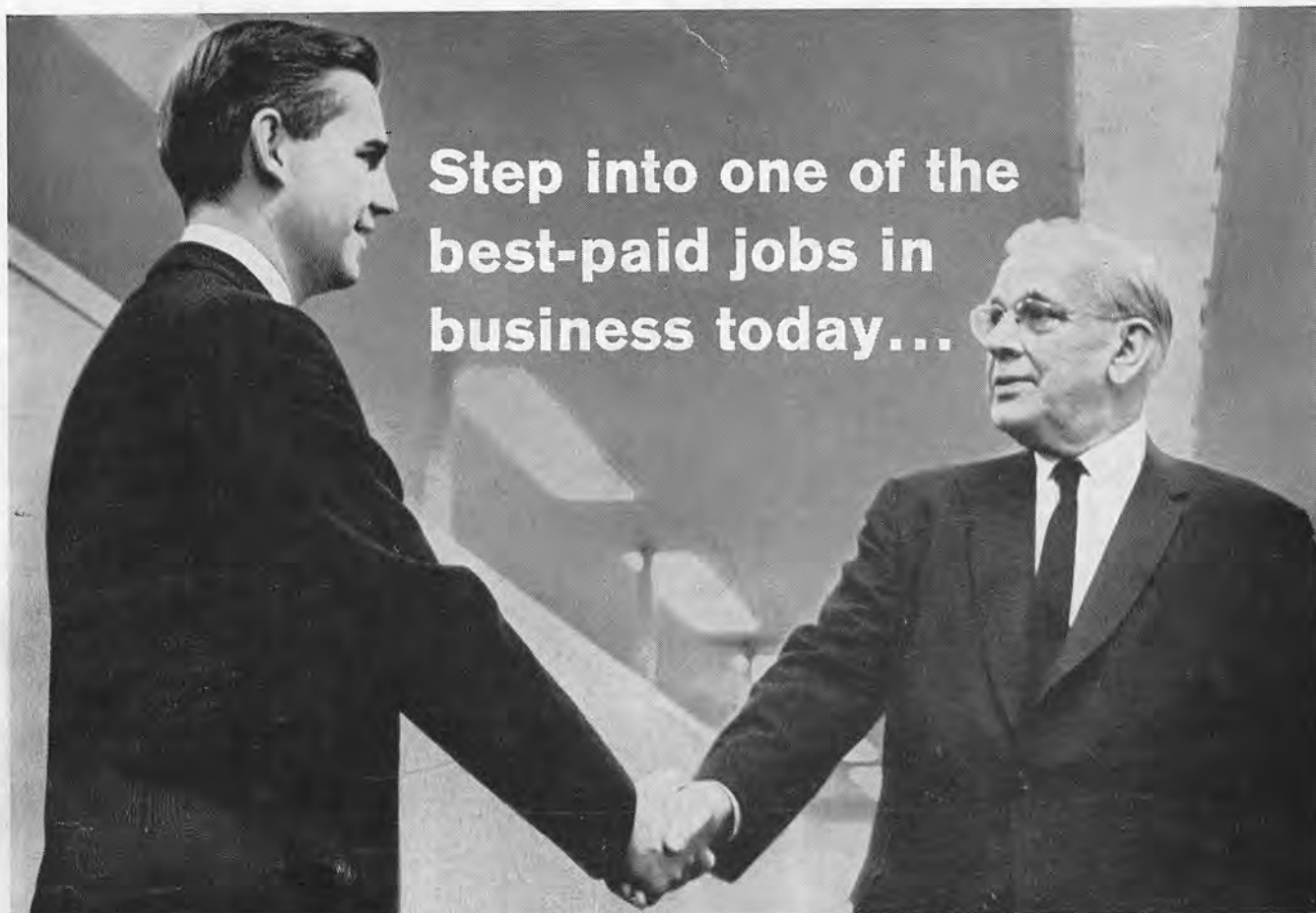
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